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THE BETTER WAY.

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PUBLIC SEANCE

By the Independent Club, Berkeley Hall, Boston.

Friday, February 1, 1889.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

Through the Mediumship of J. Wm. Fletcher.

Assisted by Miss Emma J. Nickerson.

Reported for The Better Way by J. W. Powell.

"Who is humanity's best friend?"

Humanity's best friend is one who leads humanity from a darkened condition into the light; the one that is the means of revealing the truth to a soul in ignorance. It is a mistaken idea held and accepted by many, that all work must be accomplished in the blaze and the noise of the world; that a large number of persons must be associated with it, and that a direct recognition must be made of that work and worker as well. But in the true sense of the word, work does not relate to the world collectively; it relates to mankind individually. We have sometimes seen persons who were anxious to reform their fellows, when if they had reformed themselves they would have done the world a lasting service. We have often heard people talk about the difficulty and mistake that they found in others, when if they had but seen their own nature in its true light, they would have found all the work they could possibly have done to have torn the weeds out of their own garden.

Now, then, humanity's best friend is the man who lives the nearest to his ideal, in a purely unselfish way; for each man and each woman is only a light; the world is a darkened room; and the more perfectly you have your light trimmed the more clearly the blaze will shine forth. And if within yourselves you remove the evil that you find there, if you strive to live honestly and truly and do your best; if you reach out your hands to those who are less fortunate than yourself, then are you the friend of humanity. But if, on the other hand, you simply talk of the good time that is coming, and in a transcendental sort of a way picture the future of the world, without doing the least thing yourself to assist to bring about a better result, then are you mistaken in your effort. You are living a selfish life and cannot assist or help another. He helps humanity most who seeks self-education and, having gained it, shares its results with those who are less fortunate.

"The spiritual outlook?"

The spiritual outlook is a question which all earnest souls may well ask at this time. You are passing through a change, which for the next six weeks will be most marked, most unpleasant, and most bitter. You remember that in some parts of Italy there are volcanoes that are apparently resting for a time, and only stand as so many great lofty peaks, pointing their heads toward the skies, when all at once they belch forth lava, and stone, and all sorts of things, and carry destruction and death with them. And while, for the moment, the disaster is most direful, it is said that a good result is gained. You are now, my friends, near the approaching time of the eruption of a volcano that will pour forth lava and stones and all kinds of filth, over a certain portion of the earth at least. It will apparently do you harm; you will feel to sympathize deeply with some who suffer, and you will draw yourself away and almost regret that you are living in this part of the country; but after a time when the smoke shall have rolled away and all has become peaceful and quiet again, and the sky blue above you, and the sun shining, then you will see that there was a purpose in what happened and may perchance see the benefit gained therefrom.

The spiritual outlook for the present day is one fraught with danger and unhappiness and sorrow to all concerned. Look you in either one direction or the other, there is but trouble to be found, and until about six weeks have passed this will be the case; then all things will settle down into a pleasant state again, and you will forget that these things ever happened. It has been so in the past; it will be so in the present, and it will be so in the future. The great Civil War that carried so much destruction and sorrow with it, was the only way in which the slave could ever find his freedom; and the terror of those who endured the cold winter and crossed the ocean to find a new country, is lost in the glory of institutions that are raised as a result of their effort. And at the present time those who have a truth are called upon to be faithful to that truth; those whose eyes have seen the glory of the rising sun, whose hearts have felt the power and force that only a great motive can give, and whose lives have been exalted through their aspiration and thought into a loftier state, are those that will stand firm, whether the sky be dark or bright. It will be a time in which the souls of men and women will be sorely tried; but after that, just as the day follows in the pathway of the night, the brighter things will come and the better results will be apparent.

"What is disease?"

Our Christian scientist friends say that disease is the imagination, and the imagination is nothing. If you have a severe toothache you have only imagined that the tooth is aching, but that you really haven't anything of the kind. Now, disease is something more than that, as those of you who are ill are perfectly well aware. Instead of calling disease a power of imagination, we say it is punishment for the violation of law. It was intended in the beginning, that all men and women should be healthy, strong and well. Health is the direct action of natural law. But instead of this being the case, there is scarcely one man or one woman who is strong and well, in every sense of the word. Wherever there is illness there is the result of a violation of law. You will not find that disease comes naturally; it only comes as the result of a preverted condition.

We accept the theory that has been taught by the most profound scientific minds of the present day, that disease is a germ that floats in the air, and that it is a living thing that is taken on and generates within certain organizations, new forms of life. When you are in a certain state, you are susceptible to a certain condition. If you are weak and worn, and you go out on a damp day, you will be likley to take a severe cold, no matter how well protected you are. Why? Because the condition of your system is negative; the disease element is in the air, which is positive, and that positive germ of disease is implanted within the soil of your own nature. There it soon takes root; and the weaker and more negative you are, the more positive will the life and growth of that disease become.

There are some diseases to which persons are more susceptible than others, and in that case the germ theory is admitted, even by the most obtuse mind. You would never think of placing a small pox patient in the center of a populous district and expect that all the rest of the people would be perfectly well. Because all persons are more or less susceptible to the influence of this small-pox germ; and the system readily takes it up and becomes impregnated with the poison. Therefore, instead of placing the person in such a center, you remove them as far as possible from their brothers and sisters who may be in apparent health, as a protection. In forms of fever, some of which are most dangerous, you remove the patient and take all precautions possible so as to prevent others from becoming infected, and this is due to the fact that the air you breathe is impregnated with the germs of the disease, and which those who are in the least sensitive will take on and they will become a part of themselves.

This is one of the reasons why we are so opposed to vaccination. We consider vaccination at the present time one of the direst foes to human health and happiness. A person is in apparent health, and you vaccinate them by introducing into the system the elements of the vilest diseases; and however much vaccination may prevent, in nine cases out of ten it causes a worse disease than it pretends to remedy. Therefore is the law of compulsory vaccination tyrannical and despotic, and ought to be contested with all the strength that your enlightened minds are possessed of. The theory that people are only ill nervously, is a mistake. I am sure that the body is subject to the influence of the mind, and that when people feel ill or disturbed in their mind, they feel weak and nervous as well.

But there is another line of disease apart from this called nervous diseases, which are distinctly a disease of the body; and where humors are found in the system, where fevers and where other contagious diseases are found, there is a physical disease with which the nervous system has very little to do; I hold that disease is a germ, and that you want to have better ventilation everywhere, this place included; and that you ought to use far greater care in regard to your persons, and above all in regard to the people that you associate directly with. The habit that people have of continually shaking hands with each other (when they feel repelled from each other, I mean,) and of throwing their arms around each other and kissing with the greatest affection when they do not feel it, is a means of transmitting an influence that may at times do a great deal of harm. You cannot shake hands with another without conveying something of yourselves by doing it. You cannot touch each other's clothing without giving a part of yourself. They used to touch the hem of the master's garment just to gain strength, and they really did feel a power and an influence therefrom. Therefore I would say that with the greatest care, so far as ventilation is concerned, so far as habits of personal cleanliness are concerned, and so far as all observances, which you know perfectly well if you only take the time to practice them, you will in a way keep your system in a state that will resist this germ of disease and help you to be strong and consequently happy.

"Does it interfere with development for the test mediums to give treatment to the sick?"

Well, it depends upon whether the test medium has got any power or not. There are many test mediums who have no influence whatever to become healing mediums, for healing mediumship and test mediumship are two distinct phases of power. For a person who is distinctly a healing medium it would be a very great mistake to attempt to become a test medium; for those who are distinctly medical mediums it would be a great mistake for them to become test mediums. Better to follow out the line of development to which they are best adapted. But if, perchance, they are possessed of both powers, then one will not interfere with the other.

The great trouble that we find with mediums here in the earth life is that if they are possessed of one thing, they are never satisfied until they accomplish the whole. They have a feeling that because they see one person accomplishing a result, they must do that although they are not fitted for it, or they have an idea that in a moment they can themselves do it. We have been much troubled by the number of persons who were perfectly confident that they were able to fill the position here, and particularly to appear on your platform on Sundays, being almost angry with our medium because we thought it unwise to place them before the public when they were not capable of talking intelligently five minutes upon any given subject. The time has gone by when simply talking will be of any interest to the general mind. It might have done forty years ago to have a few expressions upon the summer-land and the sweet bye and bye, and all of those things that are pleasant to hear about; but since then the human mind has begun to think, and those persons are only fit to teach who have something to teach when the opportunity presents itself. (Applause.) And whether they be controlled by themselves or by spirit guides, it is said that all the fools are not dead yet, which presupposes that some are; and some of those who are will be much pleased to get back and ventilate their folly, for fools are always known by the number of words that they speak. The more a man knows the less time he has to talk; the less he knows, the more he has to say; that is the story of the world a thousand times over.

We were much amused the other day when a gentleman came to our medium to place on your platform on Sunday afternoon, which is, by the way, one of the most difficult audiences to address that we have ever seen, and a speaker who had never spoken but once or twice in public; and when the medium asked, "How much has this medium spoken?" he said, "Well, she never has made but one or two appearances, but will be a great success." The medium, who has had some experience in great successes, shook his head and said, "Well, you will please say to that lady, from me as her friend, that if, when she gets through with five years of hard work she is able then to speak intelligently before the Boston audiences Sunday, she can think herself very fortunate indeed; but before that time shall come, she will need a great amount of experience;" and it is better, my friends, to creep before you walk, for if you do not, you will spoil the shape of your limbs and you will never be able to run. (Applause.) A person that can creep well will get over the ground faster than one who is so bow-legged and can scarcely walk. So we have to say that in this line of mediumship each one to his especial power. If you are a writing medium, develop that; if you are a physical medium, develop that. You may be possessed, possibly, of two or three powers, if you are, do not mix one up with the other, but have your time to follow out each one. If you are possessed of them it will do you no harm to exercise them, but if you are not, it certainly will interfere with the one that you have got because you are trying to force it into a wrong channel; just the same way as a person who may be able to play the piano may not be able to sing, or a person who may be able to sing may not be able to paint pictures; and we have thousands of examples of people who haven't a particle of ability doing it because somebody else can, and expecting you to admire things that have not a particle of merit in them; and your good manners oftentimes makes you say, "Why, that is a very beautiful idea," and if you only had added, "and poorly executed," you would have probably told the truth.

Now, whatever you do do well, no matter how simple it is. The boy that blacks a pair of boots well is a thousand times greater than the person who does some stupendous thing so poorly he had better let it alone.

"How long is it after a person has controlled before they can do business?"

That depends upon the person and upon the nature of the control. There are some persons that had better be controlled two or three eternities before they would be able to do any business. There are other persons that are controlled at once and accomplish a good result. Time has nothing to do with it; it is ability that settles the question, and not the months or years. If you have a power to speak a truth and speak it well, go to work and say it, no matter whether you are old or young, weak or strong; and if you have not it, why, keep still until you have; that is our advice on that point.

We have made a great many enemies and expect to make a great many more because we insist that all persons shall be adapted to their work and their work adapted to them. At the present time the cause of Spiritualism is suffering to a great degree because mediums only half developed are taking upon themselves a work that they are wholly unfitted for. You know this perfectly well. I am aware that it will inspire, perhaps, some jealously for me to say this.

Now, so far as business mediumship is concerned, if you find yourself reliable in a diagnosis, then you are perfectly safe to make it. If you find, after your experience, that you are reliable in business matters, you are wise to follow them out. If I find you are able to be used by the spirit world in giving clear and distinct delineations of spiritual conditions and spirit presences, then you are wise to follow that out, whether you have been controlled once or ten thousand times for ten thousand years. But if, on the other hand, you find that you are not, in the name of heaven don't try it in a public manner until you are sure of where you stand.

We have many people on our platforms that ought to have never opened their mouths in public, that are no more fitted for their work than children. There are hundreds of others who, if they had a little more confidence could do a very useful and important work. We have many mediums who are not adapted for their work and who would in private circles, be very successful, but in public circles have no ability whatever. Therefore, my friends, as they have a very vulgar saying which runs like this: "The proof of the pudding is in the eating," so do we say that by the result of what you do are you able to gauge your ability in that line of work. If, therefore, the result is satisfactory, go ahead and carry out the purpose, lead where it may; and if it is not, desist until you are developed and unfolded. Do not say that it will be all right by-and-bye, because it may not be. I can give you, then, no direct answer to your question, except that it is not a matter of time; it is a matter of unfoldment.

"Is heaven a place?"

Yes, it is; heaven is a place, and a very small one indeed. It is found in the heart of every honest man and woman, wherever they are and whoever they may be. Some persons confound the word heaven with the spirit world. The spirit world is a locality, heaven is a condition; it is only another name for harmony. Those persons who are in harmony with themselves will be in harmony with the world. I often hear people say (they often come to me), "I would like to come to this circle," for instance, but I am brought in contact with so many people, and I really can't be expected to associate with them; and I am so sensitive that they affect me very badly. What I can say is that such remarks are very cheap advertisements, and they do not amount to anything. A person who is on a moral plane is never affected by immorality; it is only those who have not quite got there, that feel the effects of it, but not those who have really attained that estate. You can be as much protected, spiritually in company as you can when you are alone; it is the condition of your mind that makes it. If you do not go out to people they cannot affect you; if you do, they will.

Now, as I said, heaven is a condition of harmony, and those who are really in harmony with themselves are in heaven; those who are at discord with themselves are in hell. There are a great many thousand people occupying that locality at the present time. (Applause.) It is an unusual thing to find a person in harmony with himself; it is an unusual thing to find a person who is always speaking a kind and pleasant word to somebody else, and who always has a smile on his face. Do you know I think a man or woman can make himself or herself beautiful if they will? And that is by feeling kindly toward every soul they come in contact with. A kind heart makes a beautiful face, and a bad heart makes the most beautiful face hideous when the badness is revealed.

Now the spirit world is around you and above you, but heaven is a condition of the human soul, attained only when you are at peace with yourselves, and consequently with the entire world.

Messages.

THOMAS TRASK.

My name is Thomas Trask, and I passed to spirit life from Lynn, Mass. Should like to say that my head has got all right now and I am no longer troubled the way I was when here. It used to seem sometimes as if everything went round and round in that way, and then went the other way so quick I couldn't tell which way it was going. And just as I was coming away from this side of life, I laid there on the bed and didn't know much about what was taking place, and I saw a little river of silver some how, and it was so narrow I called out and said so everybody heard me, "Why I can jump that stream;" and I gave a jump and jumped out of myself, and saw my body laying there, and I was on the other side of the silver stream. That was done pretty quick, and gradually the old trouble in my head began to go away and I could see, hear, and the better enjoy myself, and I want to say to Nellie, that I am happy and all satisfied now in the spirit home in which I am. Mike was the first one I saw, and he said, "Well, come ahead," and I went ahead and found everything fixed just as if I was expected. And the next person that I saw was Frank; you know who Frank was; and we shook hands with each other, and he said, "Tom, is that you?" and I said "Frank, it is me just as sure as you are alive." And we were like two brothers; we are like two brothers now. And I know you haven't had much of spirit life lately, and so I have thought I would come to bring this message to you and to let you know that when you cross the silver stream, there will be two waiting for you on the other side.

O, the life here is real, as real as can be, and everything seems just the way it does on earth when you call it perfect. Nothing to interfere in any way. God bless you and keep you until we meet never to part, and may you feel that it is all well with me. I think I did that pretty well. Good afternoon.

JOHN B, OF NEW YORK, TO E. W.

Is this the office of the spiritual telegraph? Well, madam I should like to send a message if I have a friend in sore distress, whose mind has been calling to me for many weeks, and whose heart is heavy with the sorrows and the burdens of life; and I have tried in many ways in which to reach her, and I have tried in vain, for I haven't been able to accomplish it. And so I saw the light which showed me that this was the telegragh station. I come in, and I want to say my friend do not think that because the lights are out and the shadows are around you, that the play of life is over. There are many acts in the great drama, some begin early and others last until it is late so late indeed that the finale only comes when you have left behind the distracting scenes of earth.

When I was here, you know, my life was among these things. The theatre was my home, and all things about it were dear and near to me, so by referring to them, I may make you know that I am myself near to you; and I would say, dear friend, the hours of our separation are few, that we will meet when you will have laid away the pains and the sufferings of the body to take on the joys and the pleasures of the spirit. When we were here, we had but to think, and give no sign; the outside world knew not of you to me, nor yet of me to you; yet within our hearts there was that deep abiding affection which has only grown the stronger since the great ocean of silence has put a flood between us. I saw you in the summer time, in the shadow. I see you now. It is only the faint light that another world is casting over you. Soon, aye very soon, your eyes will close, your hands will be folded, and you and I together will enter in upon a life of which we have dreamed, and dreamed, and which we have only lived as dreamers.

JOHN W. MANN.

John W. Mann was the name that I was known by when I was on the earth. I passed to the spirit-life, as you call it, in Colorado, and I left behind one whom I loved when I was on earth, and whom I love at the present time, whose interests are dearer to me than my own life. I can see that there are many shadows around her; I can see that she is being over influenced and led in a way that means in the future harm to her and to all concerned. I used to call her, when I was here, a curious name; that name was Tete, a nickname, though her real name was not that; it was Bessie. And I want to say to my little Tete, I am with you. For God's sake stop; don't make a mistake, but let your life in the future be bright as it ought to be, and do not allow the influence of anyone to take you in the wrong direction.

Seance conducted by FIDELITY.

At the close, Mr. Fletcher went about among the audience giving numberless proofs of spirit return, which we recognized as correct in every particular. We quote one instance: I see a spirit standing beside that lady (pointing to a stranger), he seems like your husband, and he had something to do with the railroad; I think a conductor. His name is David, and he has come in answer to your request. He speaks of your son and wishes to have him take the place offered, as it will be better for him to have the discipline of it; and he also refers to his watch, which you wear, and says: "Every time, dear one, you look at it, think that I am looking into your face, and God bless you." Recognized in every particular by a lady who said, when sufficiently recovered to speak: "I have been to over fifty mediums, vainly trying to get a test; this has convinced me of the truth of Spiritualism.

Reported for The Better Way.

Prayer.

Extracts from Lecture by Mrs. Nellie J. T. Brigham, for the Society of Union Spiritualists, of Grand Army Hall, 115 W. Sixth Street, Cincinnati, Ohio, Sunday Evening, February 10, 1889.

Mr. President: The subject we will present for consideration this evening is Prayer. Although this may not seem to be a subject within itself, it involves many others and none more so than Modern Spiritualism. Most people see fit to consider Spiritualists as a most peculiar class; to think that Spiritualists do not believe in God or anything moderate or reasonable. Who are the Spiritualists? Some people said they are the strong-minded women and the weak-minded men.

Well, if the women were strong minded they could help the men to grow up to their level and unfold in the light of Modern Spiritualism. Many people on attending a meeting held by a medium find it is opened with prayer, and exclaim, "Well, these Spiritualists are not such heathens after all." But if you do not believe in a Bible or a God, what do you pray to, and what is the use of your prayer? We cannot pass lightly over these questions, for they deeply interest many who are seeking for light.

To whom do we pray? Not to a narrow personal being, bound in by the four walls of a garden city, seated upon a throne amid a throng of chorusing angels. Nor do we address him in tones of honeyed adulations, telling in flattering accents how good and great he is and how small we are. What would you think of a person whom you had to flatter, or what would you think of a person who addressed you in tones of flattery, constantly speaking as though you were liable to become angry and jealous and destroy unless you were appeased by flatterry? Not a very high opinion, and certainly our ideal of God is far beyond this? Our God is Nature, the wonderous forces that bid the tides of the ocean to sweep on their courses, the wonderful spirit whose voice whispers amid the leaves of the forest or speaks in calm and sweetness from the stars. The vastness of deity is past human conception—the finite cannot comprehend the infinite. How do we know of God if we cannot comprehend him? There is a silent all pervading spirit that spreads its arms around the myriad worlds, a power that binds all together and it matters not by what name men have called him in the past, whether Jehovah or Buddha, Brahma or Indra, Lord Almighty or Lord God, he is one and the same, and his power reaches out into the great ocean of life, out over all the worlds, a tender, loving Father and a Mother Nature, as well.

You know we have told you before of the atoms and how their various forms were all possessed of a magnetic force that bound each kind together. If you look at the beautiful crystals that are formed by the laws of crystalization you find there a wonderous proof of the law of polarity, of the attractions of negatives and positives. You all have heard of the positive and negative poles of a battery and every particle, no matter how tiny, has its poles, is filled by an unseen force that has the power to attract, the power to repel one another. This law of crystalization, the polarity, this subtle unseen force is what we would call the divine power of intelligence.

Do you remember what Keppler said in his enthusiasm after showing to the world those wonderous scientific laws. "I have spoken the thoughts of God after him." It is this state of harmony that makes possible the manifestations of thought, that finds reason in nature to adore, but you cannot, as remarked, understand the infinite perfection of deity, for if you could understand the infinite perfection of deity you would be deity itself; if you could understand perfection, it would no longer be perfect, but we can feel that there is a great over-soul, and that by prayer we place ourselves in harmony with that over-soul and with ourselves. Prayer is a harmonizing influence, and by it can we bring ourselves into such sweet accord with the divine harmony that there will need be no sweet by-and-bye, but the glories and joys of that time be realized among us now.

When you pray it should not be directed to a being way out in space, limited by personality and confined in the narrow walls of creed, but let your aspirations rise upward and onward with sweet melody, as the bird goes singing across the ocean. Men will tell you that God answers prayers; that he answers them directly. Can you conceive of an infinite love and mercy answering prayers of hate, of unkindness, of injustice and greed? What a strange satire that such a thing could be; that should expect a being of mercy and love to come into such harmony with their hate, envy, selfishness and cruelty as to answer their prayers and still be perfect wisdom, love and mercy. When this comes before us we think of what Theodore Parker said: "Who am I that I should dare to pray to God and expect my prayers to be answered. If I thought that God would answer the prayers of men I would not dare to pray." You must answer your own prayers by living them; by loving the grand and noble; by reaching out for harmony, and then as your soul's feel the harmony the infinite love is drawn nearer to you. The breath of prayer softens all of the sentiments and binds together the fragments of life.

What about the spirit that prays? What effect does prayer have upon its being? We are told that a certain man of authority in ancient times looked upon Coristianity as something to be put down and smothered out of existence, much as many people now regard Spiritualism. This man, Saul of Tarsus, went upon a journey, and when near its end suddenly a great light shone about him and a voice spoke to him. We are told that the Scriptures contradict themselves; that in one place it says the light was seen by all and in another it does not mention the light, but that the voice was heard by all, and so no reliance could be placed upon either account. But, friends, if a spirit voice were to speak to you from the heavens above you unless vocal organs were materialized for that voice to express itself no one but yourself would hear your voice unless they were gifted with a spiritual hearing; in other words unless they were clairaudiant. And that some did not see any light and others did, is explainable by the same law of spiritual sight. There were those in that company who were mediums. This man Saul, stricken with actual blindness, is led by his companions into the city to the house of a friend and there remained.

Now, unto one of the Christians in Damascus there came an angel and told him to arise and go to Saul and cure his blindness. The man was loth to go, for he knew the reputation of Saul as a persecutor. Nevertheless he went as dictated and found Saul as the angel had said: "Behold he prayeth." Ah, friends, there is the secret. The prayer had brought harmony into the conditions surrounding him and the unseen around and on every side had brought him the aid he needed. In at his door came the messenger of mercy; his eyes were touched, and "straightway there fell from his eyes as it were scales," and he was filled with the Holy Ghost and spoke, and his name became Paul in the in the after years, so great was the change wrought in this man. He was a medium, and inspirational medium, aye, a medium of more varied gifts than any who preceded or any who came after him.

This experience of Paul's should teach this lesson: To be careful how you judge others. That others may be in gifts you have not. Spiritual gifts are these gifts. Some blaze with glowing flame like the ruby; some, like the sapphire mirror the heaven's deepest blue, and some, like the diamond combine all the lights into one blazing star and ye teach light within shines forth with its own glory. Spiritualism is the diamond among our jewels of life. If you are bowed with grief; if you are tossed hither and yon upon the stormy ocean of life, Spiritualism offers you solace. Have you dear ones gone before whom you mourn for, it whispers in sweet accents: "They are not dead—they still live and are with you." It will guide you out from the stormy waters of doubt into the haven of sweet immortality, proven beyond a doubt.

There is a saying of old, and 'tis a good one yet, "Cast not your pearls before swine lest they turn again and rend you," but we have often thought if sometimes it would not be as well to cast some pearls before the swine, even though they may be trampled in the mire, some one may come and pick them up before they mingle with the earth, and they may then be brightened and adorn the crown of life. The world may know the truth concerning Spiritualism. It is the light that comes with its radience lighting the blindness of poor weary souls. "Behold he prayeth." Prayers is the pick by which man digs the wonderous gold of inspiration from the minds of truth and fills the poor poverty stricken soul with a wealth that all the gold of earth cannot purchase.

Go bear the light to humanity toiling in darkness of superstitions, for "behold he prayeth." Let each bear the light he has where 'twill shine adown the rugged steeps and call the weary traveller home. Who can explain the human spirit? The surgeon with his keen scalpel may dissect every fibre of the physical body, but can he tell you anything of the soul; of the life of the real you that lives on through the ages, aye through eternity?

What you have heard many times before, we repeat—man is a trinity—yes a unity—but still he is a trinity. Your have seen the bulb of a hyacinth. On the outside it tells naught of what lies within, but if you cut through the centre you will find a stem or heart lying within, and in that stem are the tiny buds that will blossom forth in beauty of color and sweet perfume when placed in proper conditions; so with man. The outer shell is his material body; the stem is his spiritual body and the grand blossom and fruitage of all is his soul, the immortal spark of life that bursts at death through the outer husks and blossoms in glorious eternity.

Go into the forests and you will find there the beech tree and oak tree and birch tree, their leaves still hanging on; will the wild winds tear them off; oh, no, the winds have whirled through the branches and still the leaves remain, but there is coming a time when the warm sun and rains of spring will start the tiny bud to growth, and then pushing steadily forward the bud will crowd the old leaf off the stem, and unfold itself into the perfect leaf; so the spirit, the soul of man lies dormant within the folds where nature's deft fingers have packed it until the change called death—the springtime of eternity sets it free to unfold and perfect itself in the clear sunlight of immortality.

Then our lives should be living prayers; our religion should unfold us and plant within us those aspirations that will fill our souls with the warm, holy fire of inspiration. Our faith may lift us up, but without works our faith is dead. Let our faith then be the faith that works out its prayers in tender loving chairity for all, with mercy for the weak and a helping hand to the weary ones of life.

BENEDICTITION.

May the angel world be with us on every hand. May they guide us up progression's hills. May they lead us by the walks of evolution's highest growth and fill us with the grandest truths of inspiration. Amen.

Written for The Better Way.

Sketch of John William Fletcher.

The Renowned Medium.

"Truth forever on the scaffold,
Wrong forever on the throne,
Yet the scaffold sways the future;
And behind the dim unknown,
Standeth God within the shadow,
Keeping watch above his own."

John William Fletcher was borne some thirty miles from Boston, at Westford, in the United States, in the year 1851. He held the position, and received the education, of an ordinary middle class American citizen, and the means which his father had realized from a manufacturing business gave to his son the prospects of a life full of ease, comfort, and many worldly advantages.

The story of his introduction to the subject of Modern Spiritualism, as it is called, is very simple. It was discussed at the school where he was educated, and William Fletcher learned for the first time that such a thing existed. Shortly afterwards a gentleman paid a visit to his family, who again spoke of of it, and whose personal experience and keen intuition enabled him at once to declare that the boy was a great medium. He laughed at the idea. His friend, however, induced him to write a letter which was carefully sealed, and to send it to the public seance room at the offices of the Banner of Light, in Boston, where answers were given to written questions. It was done. Mrs. Conant, who was at that time the officiating medium, quickly ran over the letter placed before her, and stopped at this one. The envelope was blank except for a small cross. It contained a communication addressed to one who had been William's tutor for several years, and who had told him he would always be near his favorite pupil in spirit, at the time of his death, and as the latter took no interest in anyone else in the spirit world, he remembered the promise, and selected his teacher as the only person with whom, if it were possible, he cared to communicate. The medium immediately wrote on the envelope a message, not a little to his surprise, to the effect that William was one of the greatest mediums in the world and that his work would begin at once. It came from the spirit to whom the inquiry was addressed. Our young medium returned home, and no sooner had he done so than the prophecy was verified. He sat down and wrote an essay in trance which was widely read, and excited great comment. The consciousness of his power seemed to be the only condition necessary for its higher development, and from this time he began to be influenced in an extraordinary way, being constantly thrown into trances, during which he invariably discoursed about spirits, and gave what are called proof of identity in those who communicated through him, which excited astonishment among his friends. His family then began to hold a circle every night, and William's father, who became enthusiast about the subject, engaged Mrs. Foster, the mother of the well-known Charles Foster, to give professional seances at their house, to which all who were interested were invited. They were not without that element of the ludicrous which has attached itself throughout the history of the world to what is most touching and sublime.

One evening after they had been sitting together for a considerable time, the only so called Spiritualist in the place suddenly rose amid a solemn silence which had been unbroken and said, in a husky voice and quavering tones, "I, for one, would like to know if there any of my folks here," and then sat down. Another long pause ensued. She then rose again, and to the great amusement of all present said to the medium, "Will you please go through the death scene of my brother, Robert? He was drowned, and it will be a great test!"

The only incident of any importance that occurred during these little gatherings as the repetition of the statement that William was a great medium. He had always been delicate, and as he possessed at this time very indifferent health, he was advised to go to the backwoods of Maine for change of air. On the first night of his arrival at the little country village where he had been sent, he held a seance. It was a very extraordinary one. This was repeated every night and all the country people came to attend these little circles for miles around. He was often asked, while walking in the street, to come in and tell some anxious inquirer, "about the dead people," and such satisfactory tidings were generally given about them that interest and curiosity rapidly increased. Among others who were drawn around him was Mr. George Worcester, the son of a celebrated Swedenborgian clergyman, who used to join the circle, and was the only one present who possessed any insight into the nature of a gift which excited little more than curiosity and wonder in others, but which interested him for its own sake. He suggested to the spirits controlling the boy that they should give lectures at the school house, and they consented to the proposal. The first intimation he had of the scheme was while walking in the village, when he saw a card in the window of a store, stating much to his surprise that "Willie Fletcher would lecture at the school-house on Sunday morning and afternoon." When the day came, however, he went, or rather, was taken, for on the appointed morning, instead of awaking as usual, he was thrown into a trance, carefully dressed by the controlling spirits, and led to the school house, where some thirty persons were assembled, in a little, unpretending, low-roofed building, in which the village children learned their alphabet. It was a motley group. Dresses of all kinds and colors prevailed, and the little assemblage inaugurated the service conducted by spirit influence by upraising the strains of good old Dr. Watts' hymn, commencing.

"Hark, from the tomb a doleful sound"—

which, strange to relate, was considered an eminently appropriate one for the occasion. The subject of the discourse was then selected by the audience, which was more fortunate in its themes than in its songs, the choice falling upon the beautiful verse, "In my Father's house are many mansions." On this the young trance speaker delivered a lecture which lasted an hour, and was attentively listened to; and he only became aware of what he had done at its close, when he was speedily aroused from his unconscious condition. That this long sermon was appreciated is proven by the fact that the congregation decided, without a single exception, to wait for the next service, when a fresh theme was chosen, with similar good results, and William Fletcher descended from the little platform feeling that he had accomplished something, he hardly knew what, and with his heart full of longing for some little token of appreciation and sympathy, he accosted a motherly looking old lady, and asked her, "how she liked it." She candidly replied that she "didn't know anything about it;" but by way of showing her gratitude for sitting through two discourses she put her hand in her pocket and pulled out a Boston cracker, which she handed to the youthful preacher. So sensitive was his nature, even then, to the kindness and love of those with whom he came in contact, that he has often said since that his heart was more touched by that quaint token of sympathy in the little village school house than by the diamonds presented to him in after years.

Shortly after this he gave a second lecture in trance, which lasted about an hour and a half, and which was preceded by the singing of a psalm, hardly less appropriate than the celebrated ditty of Dr. Watts, viz:

"My days are as the grass."

The subject was again chosen by the audience, which was also once more as felicitous in its texts as it was unhappy in its hymns,—the grand prophetic passage being selected, "Old things are passed away; behold, all things are become new."

From this time, about the year 1869, William, although hardly seventeen, instantly sprang into notoriety, and received invitations to lecture in various places, most of which he was compelled to decline on the ground of his health.

One incident may be mentioned, in connection with his mediumship, remarkable for its oddity. While in the backwoods of Maine, the mother-in law of one of the acquaintances died of dropsy. Her body was deposited in a dry, large coffin, made by a carpenter retiring from business, and designed for the reception of his own. William was earnestly requested to attend the funeral, and give an address on the occasion, and accordingly he set out through the shady woods, which were very beautiful and secluded, disturbed by no sound louder than the singing of the birds the flight of the squirrel from bough to bough, and the sudden splash of the leaping trout, as it darted at a gnat on the surface of the stream crossing the little pathway. With his spirit attuned to the harmony of the scene,—such harmony as seems to exist only in places far remote from the haunts of men,—he arrived at his destination. It was a curious change. Three elderly women met him on the threshold of the house, swinging tansy on that hot day when every breath of pure air was beyond price. On entering the apartment where the people were assembled, he found them all sitting around it in solemn expectation, with their shirt collars starched, their trowsers starched, even their pocket handkerchiefs starched, and all likewise swinging tansy. Outside in the yard, and exposed to a burning July sun, lay the coffin, and in full view of this dolorous spectacle, and in the midst of the circle of friends, was placed an arm chair, stuffed with pillows, into which William was conducted, and sank till he was nearly eclipsed. As may be supposed, the ordeal of this funeral oration was one from which he would willingly have excused himself, but a courageous spirit rose to the occasion and spoke through his lips with a power more effectual than the tansy, the starch and the stall of pillows in which his body nearly experienced suffocation. He could not help being keenly alive to the ludicrous side of the scene in which he was invited to play a part, and to this hour he alludes to it with smiles.

Although he declined much of the work that was placed before him, he saw a large number of persons, sometimes as many as fifty or sixty a day, and effected some remarkable cures by spirit power, literally healing the sick, the lame, and even the blind. As he did not derive as much benefit from the change which had been recommended as was expected, no doubt, in part, owing to this sudden development of his mediumship and the various demands upon it, he returned to his father's house in the close of September, and from thence went to visit some relations in Concord, New Hampshire. While in that place he was directed by spirit influence to apply for a hall to lecture in, which he was told would be given to him. He did so, and his request was at once granted by the owner, with a singular kindness. His lectures were advertised in the local papers, and on the first night, to his surprise, the hall was crowded, and many persons were turned away, unable to obtain entrance. This first public address was one of the most successful efforts, and was very favorably spoken of and reported by the press, and a gentleman, who was present, was so deeply interested that he made an engagement with the young trance speaker to lecture twice in the neighboring town. Great success attended the meeting, and with his name already marked in connection with powerful and eloquent speaking, Willie returned home. By this time the Spiritualist journals had taken up the matter, and he found awaiting him more engagements than he could fulfil.

The young medium was now fairly launched in the work which, of all others, had been the most misunderstood, and the greatest this century has seen. His heart began to be fully engrossed in it, if indeed it could have ever been said to be apart from what had been a reality to him from his childhood.

It was about this period that the companionship he required, and which has ever since been a source of strength to him, was found in the event which, of all others, is the best or worst which can occur in the life of man. He became acquainted with Mrs. Susie Willis, who is well known in the United States as a lecturer, and it was while addressing an audience that he first saw her. In the summer of 1871 both attended a Spiritualist camp meeting, and in the course of a seance in the evening Winona, who had now become William Fletcher's spirit control, spoke to her and said, "You will not marry the man who is engaged to you. I can see the one you will marry." Although received with utter incredulity at the time, Winona's prediction was, as usual, verified, and very shortly afterward the Baptist minister's engagement ring was returned to him, and circumstances brought William Fletcher and Mrs. Willis closer together. Well for the sake of the truth was it that this event occurred, for had the marriages of the latter taken place as anticipated, the minister would have done his best to set aside the use of those great spiritual gifts which were given to Susie Willis from childhood, and which have effected so much good to a large number of persons who have appreciated them, and value her friendship. She, also, was a clairvoyant from childhood, and commenced lecturing at the early age of fifteen, so that her whole life had well prepared her for the career which was before her husband. The marriage took place much earlier than had been intended, as they wished to commence an independent life, and it was accordingly solemnized at the house of Mrs. Willis' father, at Lawrence, Massachusetts, on the afternoon of March 24, 1872. The wedding was celebrated by several little receptions given there, and also at Westford, where some rooms were placed at their disposal by William's father, and for a time the latter place became their home. The residence at Westford did not last long. The circumstances which led to an estrangement with William's family reduced them to a condition in which professional mediumship seemed the only resource.

William Fletcher and his wife then went to Boston, and presented themselves at the office of the Banner of Light, where great kindness was shown to them by Mr. Rich, one of the partners in the firm, who offered them rooms and introduced them to many persons to whom their unusual gifts were of great service, while their fame as test mediums rapidly increased. There they remained until the spring of 1875.

Success began to make his name widely known, but just as a pathway seemed open before him for permanent and influential work in America his health suddenly failed him again, and domestic trouble rose to its climax and severed him at once and forever from the home ties to which he had always clung. Symptoms of lung disease of an alarming kind showed themselves, and his medical attendant said that residence in a warm climate was absolutely necessary.

The new year came. On the 1st of January, 1876, one of his band of spirits came to him and wished him a "happy New Year."

It seemed almost like a mockery, but the far-seeing spirit went on, "This year," he said, "will be one of the most eventful in your life. You will cross the water; before a month is out you will be in London."

It seemed incredible; the two forlorn workers could only accept the message in silence, and await the result. They did not wait long. On the 7th a gentleman whom they had happened to meet called upon them to say good-bye. He was about to leave the United States and go to Europe for the remainder of the winter. In the course of conversation, and while he was expressing his regret at the condition of William's health, Mrs Fletcher could not help exclaiming in reply, "I wish Mr. Fletcher was going with you!" The gentleman immediately answered, "Let him come." She, of course, replied that it was out of the question, and the subject was dropped. On the following Sunday night, however, their friend called again, accompanied by his wife. He said, "You know I am not a medium, but I dreamed that a spirit came to me last night and said, 'Take Fletcher with you.' Why can't he come?" Mrs. Fletcher said, "You know, his circumstances, and how impossible it is for him to take such a journey as you propose." The lady, however, pressed the point. "I ask," she said, "for his companionship as a favor. It will complete our party, and he will be able to accompany my daughter to places where I have not energy enough to take her. It will help his mediumship." But the Fletchers, from a feeling of doubt as to the expediency of the plan suggested, again declined the kind offer. In vain Mrs. S urged William to reconsider it. "It is the only thing," he said, "to save your life. Will you not come?" He replied "No," and Mr S. left them, after being finally told that the plan was absolutely impossible. At five o'clock that morning a spirit controlled Mrs. Fletcher and said to her husband, "Get up and pack your trunk, and at once." The energy of the spirit and the urgent command had its effect; he was told that it was a duty, and that the proposal made to him had been purposely designed, and he felt an irresistable power was influencing him. He rose at once, and obeyed the order. Hardly was his trunk filled before Mr. S come again, and informed them that he had not been able to sleep. He found William, to his delight, prepared to join him, and only just in time. They drove off together; the berth was secured, and the following day the invalid was on his way to Europe, and the prophecy that he would be in London in the course of the month was fulfilled. After spending a week or two there, during which he had no connection with the work of Spiritualism, the party traveled toward the south, visiting Paris, Cannes, Marseilles, Nice, Florence and Venice, till they finally crossed the blue waters of the Mediterranean.

After remaining abroad and travelling through the countries of the East, Mr. Fletcher returned to London in April 1877, and having decided to remain, he presented himself to the British National Association of Spiritualists, without either introductions or friends. "My mediumship," he said, "is all the introduction I ever carry with me, and if you will arrange a seance I shall be very pleased to give one on the conditions that the persons present shall be unknown to me." This was done, and some good tests were given to the sitters, which were somewhat badly reported in the Spiritualist. After this he began to receive visitors as a professional medium. Of this work we cannot do better than quote the words of Alfred Russel Wallace, the emident scientist, who said, "my interview with Mr. Fletcher did more to convince me of the reality of the spirit life than all the physical phenomena put together." In a letter to the Banner of Light Florence Marryatt, the popular writer, says:

"I have been asked to comment upon Mr. Fletcher's capabilities as a speaker, and would commence by saying that his appearance on the platform, manner, enunciation, and mode of delivery, are all calculated to attract his hearers more and more to the religion which he professes to expound. His voice is clear, simple and unaffected; he grasps the subject he may have chosen to handle plainly and decidedly, and he does not leave it until he has exhausted it. His lectures on the future condition of the spirit have been especially interesting, and opened a world of speculation for those who had never thought before.

. . . To meet him on the platform is to see him in his own house. He is, however, of a very cheerful temperament in domestic life (which the semi-entranced condition of the platform might lead a casual spectator to doubt), and is ready to see a joke or make one, as the liveliest of his friends. But he never quite loses the dreamy appearance of one who is in such constant communication with the other world, and it is difficult to lose consciousness of the spiritual atmosphere by which he is surrounded. This idea is heightened in those who have had the privilege of 'sitting' with him, because Mr. Fletcher, whilst under control, is so perfectly natural and like himself, that it is difficult to believe that another spirit is inhabiting his body and speaking through his lips. I told you in my letter of last year that I had held a seance with him of so private a nature that it was impossible to make it public. During that interview several startling prophecies were made concerning what was then the future, and it may interest your readers to hear that several of those prognostications have already been fulfilled, and that the rest seem likely to be.

"Wishing to procure some further proofs of Mr. Fletcher's power before I wrote this letter to you, I prepared a different sort of test for him last week. From a drawer full of old letters I selected, with my eyes shut, four folded sheets of paper, and enclosed them, still without looking, in four blank envelopes, which I then sealed. I carried these envelopes to Mr. Fletcher, and requested Winona to tell me the characters of the persons by whom their contents had been written. She placed them consecutively to the medium's forehead, and as she returned them to me, one by one, I wrote down her comments on each, on the outside of its cover. On breaking the seals the character of each writer was found to have been most accurately defined, although the letters had all been written years ago, a fact which Winona immediately discovered; she also told me which of my correspondents were dead and which were living. Here, you will observe, there could have been no reaction of my own brain on that of the sensitive, as I was perfectly ignorant until I opened the envelopes by whom the letters had been sent to me.

"There is another point which I could mention, and one of the utmost importance: Mr. Fletcher preaches the religion purity, truth and charity, and (as far as human creatures can judge of each other) he leads a life in accordance with its doctrines." And the letter concludes with a wish that the religion of Spiritualism were thus lived out by all.

Mr. Fletcher's success in public and private was phenomenal; his lectures were attended by the elite of London, and his name everywhere spoken with respect. The White Hall Review, Life, St. Luke's, Telegraph, and hosts of other prominent journals, quoted his opinions and printed interviews. At the evening lectures persons highest in society circles were constantly to be seen, while the rooms of the medium were filled with interested seekers of some of the things "not dreamed of in our philosophy." Probably no greater success was ever attained by any one person in so short a time. In the year 1881 a party consisting of the Fletchers and others sailed for New York. In the party was Madame Davis, who had fastened herself upon them and who was afterwards the cause of great trouble, carrying her venom so far as to call into action subsequently in London the old witch law, and have Mrs Fletcher imprisoned for consulting with familiar spirits." It is not our province, however, to enter in upon the cause which has been dealt with by marvelous power in that highly interesting volume, "Twelve Months in an English Prison." After the voyage was made to America Mr. Fletcher, amidst crowds of enemies, began his public work. "Small beginnings make great endings," they say, and for a little time, while the cloud which slander and misrepresentation had made, had hung over him, it was a struggle. Yet determination wins in the end, and he began the work which requires fortitude and courage known only to the martyrs of old. Too proud to ask for assistance, and too strong in innocence to bend to circumstances, he took his stand with an unswerving devotion to the truth. Everywhere he has appeared the public has been ready to recognize his great talents. Washington, New York Philadelphia, Brooklyn, Boston, and in fact many of the intellectual cities of America have come in crowds to hear the "inspirations" that have never failed to uplift and bless. The nature of the teachings has always been opposed to every kind of sectarianism, and have insisted that the genius of Spiritualism must be of that grand and comprehensive sort that embraces all things, all men and all truths. Nor are its teachings opposed to those of the gentle Nazarene, for, to quote from a recent discourse, "we are constantly being asked if Spiritualism is not opposed to the teachings of Jesus and to Christianity. We answer no, what Spiritualism must ever oppose is not the Christianity of Christ but the Churchianity of men, which has ever been one of humanity's direst foes. Jesus was the great medium, whose life came as a prophecy of what we now are the fulfilment. For, said he not: 'The same things I do shall ye do, and even greater, for I go unto my Father, who has the gifts of the spirit.'"

In this brief sketch we have but outlined a life, whose work has as yet but just begun, despite the many years of earnest labor, and as years shall roll on possibly the seed sown may add a still richer harvest to the life of the worker.



The Creation.

BY SUNNY SOUTH.

Do you know what space is? Space is that immense region overhead generally known as the sky, and in which you see the many stars, the planets, the moon, the sun, and occasionally a comet.

Now, this region has no limits; it extends everywhere; it is what we call infinite. And as far as the eye can reach—either through its natural sight or by the aid of a telescope—stars and suns may be seen. But these stars or suns must have been created at some time or another, and before their creation, this immense region, called space, must have been without stars, and consequently very dark.

Now you must remember that all things, all objects, or all conditions, which have length, breadth and thickness, constitute something. And space, although it was dark, and contained nothing visible, still had these dimensions; therefore you cannot say that space is nothing. And space, although it is dark, and apparently very quiet and passive, has a positive and negative condition which attract each other. This mutual attraction must cause motion in those portions of space where it occurs; and wherever it takes place, the movement must be all in one direction—concentrating itself in one point—this one point being called the centre of gravity, and constitutes the law which governs all that which issues from this centre—this law at the same time constituting the life principle of all the effects which arise from this central point—this law being the foundation and support of all its creations—it being the cause.

Now space is very thin or attenuated, but still it is something—otherwise it could not even be called space, for space is a noun and stands for something. And thin as it is, when pressed together for a long time, begins to thicken and swell out until it assumes the shape of a huge ball, many millions of leagues in diameter. This large ball of concentrated or condensed space does not become visible to our eyes until combustion takes place.

Combustion means to burn or take fire—caused by expanding so rapidly as to explode and ignite. This expansion is due to the heat which is generated at the centre through the extreme activity of the positive and negative conditions—their action increasing with the attraction of space, or addition to the ball. In other words, the larger this ball becomes, the stronger the pressure at the centre; and the stronger the pressure, the greater the velocity of the law within—this increase of activity finally generating heat, which rushes to the outer or cooler surface as fast as it is generated, but which heat in its headlong rush to the outer surface, causes such rapid expansion to take place as to make it explode and blow up like a powder magazine or gas well—thus taking fire and communicating it to the entire ball in a very short time—the law of gravity, though, retaining its position in the centre of this blazing mass—thus controlling it and preventing it from disseminating into space again. And not until this has taken place are we enabled to see it—the same appearing to our eyes like a luminous cloud, having a somewhat silvery hue, but only a few being visible without the aid of a telescope.

We are dwelling almost in the very midst of one of these clouds, and those that are visible exist outside our universe. But for all that there are innumerable such luminous spots, which were all created in the same manner. These spots or clouds are called nebulæ, from which are evolved or created the many stars that you see glittering overhead at night. Now every star constitutes a sun like the one you see shining on the earth, and almost every sun has one or more planets revolving around it, in the same manner that the earth revolves around our sun.

Thus it will be seen that the law is the cause and that the nebulæ—or matter in its primitive state—is the effect. But as space must have always existed, we cannot conceive of a beginning. And having always existed, its positive and negative attractions to each other must have always been more or less active. As attraction constitutes law, this also must have always existed—thus proving that causes are not creative.

But let us return to the nebulous condition of matter, or suns in gestation. It will be remembered that we left the same in a blaze, which by this time has probably cooled down some.

Now before suns are evolved out of this nebulous matter, the same has to undergo what may be termed a refining process; that is, the material which it contains becomes so thoroughly consumed as to reduce it to a molten mass of liquid fire. This liquid mass either takes the shape of one large sun, or breaks up into many balls of liquid fire, as a piece of quicksilver does, when thrown on the table—each one of these balls forming itself into a sun or star, and each one revolving on its own axis as an India rubber ball does when thrown aloft—the cause of this being the distribution of the universal law into every individual sun and there creating an independent centre of gravity and making every sun an individuality, but like man, governed by the original, the first cause. The larger the nebula the more suns are evolved from it, all remaining within the influence of their parent law or centre of gravity; and every nebula thus constituting what may be known as a universe of suns and stars.

But as every one of these suns are in a fluidic state when first individualized, they, in consequence of their rapid revolution, throw off larger or smaller bodies, as water is thrown from a grindstone when revolving very fast. But these cast off bodies also partake of the law that exists in the sun which cast it off—thus forming a centre of gravity in itself; and like the sun, also obeys its parent stem—first revolving on its own axis, then around its parent sun, as the sun itself does around the common centre of its own universe.

Such bodies are called planets, and when of large dimension and rapid in their revolution, again cast off portions, which are called satellites or moons, and which also obey their parent in revolving around it, but which in consequence of their diminished size, have not always the law of gravity inherent like their superiors—thus being devoid of the universal life principle, and consequently destitute of vegetable or animal life; or, according to the amount of life principle it succeeded in taking along at its separation from its parent stem—this depending on the parent's state of development at the time of giving birth to a moon.

While the planet is yet in a fluidic state, the life germ is more disseminated and the material of the moon is thus fitted for life; but when the material on the planet has cooled off to a considerable extent, it may perchance throw off a portion of dearth-matter which has no germ for life in it, and thus have a satellite which may be regarded as a "dead planet." But how far nature, which surrounds the parent planet, is enabled to influence its satellite and animate the same with atmospheric or vegetable life, depends upon its distance from the original—the nearer, the more influential. Thus the earth may influence our moon, this satellite apparently not having sufficient of the law of gravity inherent to make it either revolve on its own axis or produce life; and being thus animated, is probably the cause of its presenting the same side to earth at all times—the one side being only animated with life of some sort, is naturally attracted to where its analogy exists.

But before this is possible, the earth itself must be endowed by nature; and before nature has perfected itself the planet undergoes a series of changes. When first cooled off, the surface looks like a vast field of burnt out coal, cinders, ashes, boulders of rock piled and tumbled over each other—causing the heat to rise from its surface and mingle with the cooler conditions above or away from it, in space. This condition brings about vaporous formations—clouds in the skies—and before long it begins to rain. This continues until the surface is thoroughly cooled and saturated, by which time the abysses and lower portions of earth have been filled with water and formed themselves into lakes, seas and rivers, leaving the elevated parts protruding above the water, and which constitute the land we live on.

The sun in the meantime has settled down to an almost solid mass in white heat, and instead of sending forth flames of fire or inflammable ethers it now sends forth currents of electricity and magnetism, which produce light and illuminates the surface of its planets—the electric lights now in vogue being imitations of this sunlight. The electricity which the sun sends forth is an effect of the friction caused by the incessant flow of surface matter to the centre—which in the more ethereal or nebulous state does not create friction, and which in the planetary state ceases on account of the condensed condition which matter has then assumed.

But having been once in this condition itself, the earth also has been a generator of electricity and magnetism, which fluids continue their flow towards the poles of the earth, and from thence through to the centre and out again at the equatorial regions. But instead of sending it forth like the sun does for the benefit of the planets, it retains the same for its own use—this being the most necessary element in the vegetating or developing process of individual life. But as the sun throws it out, thus creating light, and the action of this sunlight on the ethers which exist in nature creating warmth, it not only gives coloring to vegetation, but changes the nature of the soil, and makes it a fit abode for life.

From mosses to ferns and shrubbery, and thence to forests, flowers, fruits and vegetables, the planet progresses. At the same time little insects begin to manifest themselves in the water and swampy places, and which continues for centuries until developed into fishes and reptiles—while the land produces a variety of creatures, from worms which transform into flying insects, to animals of a larger genera, until the whole planet is inhabited by living creatures of all kinds and species—the most perfect of which resemble human beings of the lowest order and type, but which through the perfection of faculties for reasoning, lay the foundation for higher evolvements and the birth of man as a being already endowed with the power of reasoning, with intelligence, innate or inborn.

At this stage we find man in Eden—innocent and ignorant, but with the fundamentals for self-improvement, and which through the process of ages, leads him to civilization and enlightenment, step by step, while he reaches the pinnacle, which is to know his own nature, materially and spiritually.

Such is the "creation" so called, according to the investigation of Spiritism—a philosophy which knows neither creed nor master; which is not confined to doctrines, dogmas, sectarianism nor human teachings; but which makes self-study, self development and self reliance the foundation principle on which to build the structure for the future man to dwell in; which makes personal morality the agency through which to reach this most desirable end; which makes every one responsible to himself for his errors and misdeeds; and which is the only true method of individualizing him to a condition which places him in harmony with the origin from whence he emanated—with causation, with life's centre, with omniscience, with God!

The Lyceum.

BY ALONZO DANFORTH.

AGE OF REASON.

II.

Are the facts in Spiritualism well proven?

Yes. Some of the facts are very agreeable, others very disagreeable—but some of the darker facts are the most important lessons that humanity can learn.

What communications have an important bearing and are valuable for warning and exhortation?

When a spirit returns, who lived an impure life on earth, and reveals his unhappy condition as the results of his impurity this is much a lesson, even as the brighter and more blessed communications are valuable for consolation and the higher modes of edification.

When is a spiritual revelation valuable to the world?

When it reveals a truth or states a fact.

When is a truth revealed or a fact stated?

When a drunkard communicates as when one who has been a sober man dies, when the brighter side is held up to you, it is to give you comfort, it is as needful for you to know that those who have erred and gone astray on earth are suffering the penalties of misdeeds in the spirit world, as that those who have been pure on earth reap the rewards of their virtuous acts.

What should we remember from this?

Never try to prevent the darker ones from making themselves known—do not endeavor to prevent a revelation from the lower as well as from the upper worlds.

If unprogressed spirits return, why is it.

They come for enlightenment and relief, and we must remember that in earth life, refined and progressive minds associate with lower beings in order to reform them and lift them out of their low estate.

What desire should we have as we draw near to the spirit world?

A desire for truth—that a divine revelation is never granted to the world in all its fulness until man has grown to receive it.

Why are spiritual communications valuable?

They reveal the truth of the spirit's immortality, and every individual is free to investigate in his own way and in his own home, there is no spiritual hierarchy.

What does Spiritualism defy?

All restrictive organizations it cannot be confined in creedal limitations or locked within the walls of institutions, and men have endeavored again and again to sit in judgment upon the spirit worlds, and to confine God's revelations within narrow limits, but one after another have gone to pieces and Spiritualism has gone forward, accomplishing its great mission.

Spiritualism, by its philosophy of death, its higher conception of God, its demonstration of immortality and spirit communion, wafts the soul from the lowlands of fear and supernaturalism to the serene heights of spiritual knowledge, peace and joy. Its ministering angels are waiting around the couch of the dying, their welcoming strains of music often pierce the outer courts of matter and are heard by him who tarries a moment at the gates of death. Theology teaches that death places an impassible gulf between the living and the dead, that the heavenly lose all interest in the earthly; even the mother is happy in heaven and praises the God whom she knows has doomed her innocent child to eternal torment. Spiritualism teaches that death does not destroy human affection, nor bar the soul from communion with friends upon earth.

The true Spiritualist stands calmly at the gates of death; for him they have long been ajar, through them has streamed the glory of supernal spheres; through them he has caught glimpses of fairer realms than were ever pictured in brightest dreams, of well remembered faces aglow with the light of human love, of children with dimpled arms and shining hair, of parents and friends tarrying at the ever opening gate to greet the loved one about to pass its portals, and without the prayer or blessing of pope or priest, he enters triumphantly into the home prepared for his reception.

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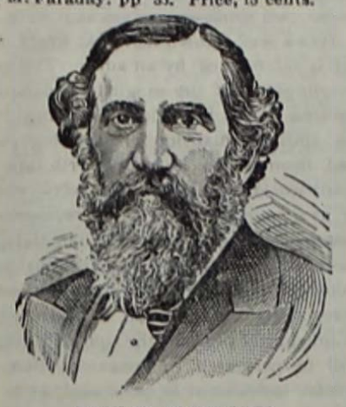
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MEETINGS.

[Secretaries of Societies are Respectfully Requested to Send us Brief Reports of their Meetings.—ED. B. W.]

Cincinnati, Ohio.

The Society of Union Spiritualists, of Cincinnati, hold meetings at G. A. R. Hall, 115 W. Sixth street, every Sunday morning at 10:45, and Sunday evening at 7:45; also Wednesday evening of each week, to which all are made welcome.

The Lyceum for children and adults meets at G. A. R. Hall, 115 W. Sixth street, Cincinnati, every Sunday at 10 A. M. All are cordially invited.

Spiritual Healing and Developing Meetings, with speaking and music every Sunday at half-past 2 P. M. at the American Health College, Fairmount. Free to all.

Boston, Mass.

1031 WASHINGTON STREET—The First Spiritualist Ladies' Aid Society meets every Friday. Private seance, for members only, first Friday in each month. Public meetings every Friday evening at 7½. M. s. H. D. Torrey, Secretary.

BANNER OF LIGHT CIRCLE-ROOM, No. 9 Bosworth street—Seances are held every Tuesday and Thursday afternoon at 3 o'clock promptly Admission free. For further particulars see notice on sixth page. L. B. Wilson, Chairman.

BOSTON SPIRITUAL TEMPLE, Berkeley Hall.—Lectures by able speakers Sundays at 10½ A. M and 7½ P. M. Richard Holmes, President; Albert F. Ring, Secretary; O L. Rockwood, Corresponding and Recording Secretary.

FIRST SPIRITUAL TEMPLE, corner Newbury and Exeter streets—Spiritual Fraternity Society will commence its public meeting Sunday, Oct. 7. The Temple Fraternity School for children meets at 10½ a m; afternoon services at 2¾, and Wednesday evening social at 7½.

SPIRITUALISTIC PHENOMENA ASSOCIATION, LADIES' AID PARLORS, 1031 Washington street—Sunday meetings at 2½ and 7½ P.M. Solicits correspondence from mediums everywhere, through whom interesting phenomena may occur, suitable for a public platform. J. H Lewis, President.

COLLEGE HALL, 34 Essex street—Sundays at 10½ A. M. 2½ and 7½ P. M. Eben Cobb, Conductor.

EAGLE HALL, 616 Washington street, corner of Essex—Sundays, at 2½ and 7½ P.M.; also Wednesdays at 8 P. M. Able speakers and test mediums. Excellent music. Dr. E. H. Mathews, Chairman.

Berkeley Hall, Berkeley street.—The First Independent Club holds lectures every Sunday at 3 p m. F. V. Fuller, Secretary.

Wells Memorial Hall, 987 Washington street.—The Independent Club meets every Wednesday at 8 p. m Seance, followed by a wing circle. Supper served at 6 p m., followed by entertainment J.W. Fletcher, Grand Master; Mrs Ada Simmons, Treasurer; F V Fuller, Secretary.

Ladies Aid Parlors, 1031 Washington street.—Sundays at 3½ and 7½ p. m. F W. Mathews, Conductor

America Hall, 734 Washington street—Services each Sunday Dr W A Hale, Chairman

Chelsea.—Spiritualist meetings are held in Pilgrim Hall, Odd Fellows Building, each Sunday evening, at 7½ o'clock.

Cambridgeport.—Meetings are held every Sunday evening at Odd Fellows' Hall, 548 Main street. H. D. Simons, Secretary.

New York, N. Y.

The American Spiritualist Alliance meets at 218 West 42d street, New York City, on each alternate Wednesday at 8 p m.

☞ All Spiritualists are cordially invited to become connected with THE ALLIANCE—either as resident or non-resident members—and to take an active part in its work.

THE ALLIANCE defines a Spiritualist to be: "One who knows that intelligent communication can be had between the living and the so-called dead;" and all such are invited to become members.

NELSON CROSS, President.
J. F. JEANERET, Secretary, 44 Maiden Lane, N. Y.

Columbia Hall, 878 6th Avenue, between 49th and 50th streets.—People's Spiritual meeting. Services every Sunday at 2¾ and 7¾ p. m. Mediums and speakers always present. F. W. Jones, Conductor.

Arcanum Hall, 57 West 25th street, N. E. corner 6th avenue.—Meetings of the Progressive Spiritualists are held every Sunday at 2½ and 7½ Reliable speakers and test mediums always present in spirit phenomenal gifts. Prof. G. G. W. Van Horn, Con.

Adelphi Hall, corner 52d street and 7th avenue.—First Society of Spiritualists holds meetings every Sunday at 11 a. m. and 7¾ p. m. Admission free.

A General Conference will be held every Monday evening at 230 West 36th street, at the residence of Mrs. M.C. Morrell.

Newark, N. J.

The People's Spiritual Fraternity holds meetings every Sunday evening at 7 o'clock at 139 Congress street. Mrs. G. Dorr, Secretary.

Philadelphia, Pa.

The Second Association of Spiritualists, of Philadelphia meet every Sunday at 3 P. M. at their church, Thompson Street. Seats free. Public invited. T. J. AMBROSIA, President.

Cleveland.

CHILDREN'S PROGRESSIVE LYCEUM, No. 1.—Meets every Sunday at 10:45 A. M., in G. A. R. Hall, 170 Superior St. Spiritualists and Liberalists earnesly invited to send their children, and the public cordially invited to attend. FREE. E. W. Gaylord, Conductor.

Spiritualist Meetings, Memorial Hall, 170 Superior street. Every Sunday at 7:30 p m

Speakers: January, Walter Howell; February, J Frank Baxter; March, J J. Morse. Children's Lyceum every Sunday at 10:45 a. m. E. W. Gaylord, Conductor. Friends and public cordially invited.

The Spiritualists' Progressive Thought Society meets every Sunday at 2:30 p. m. in Probeck's Hall Franklin Avenue. Admission free.

Toledo, O.

First Alliance of Progressive Thought meet every Sunday in Clark's Hall, Cherry street. President, J B. Jinson, 2018 Locust street; Secretary, W. M. Smith, 949 Dorr street.

Chicago, Ill.

The Chicago Spiritual Fraternity hold public meetings every Sunday at 3 and 7:45 p. m., at Kimball Hall 247 State street, corner of Jackson. Rev. Moses Hull, formerly a noted Advent minister, and one of the best biblical scholars living, will conduct the services the four Sunday in January. Seats free. All are invited. S. M. Biddison, Sec.

Avenue Hall, 159 22d street. Children's Lyceum Sunday, at 1½ P. M. Spiritualists and Mediums' Meeting, 3 P. M. Mediums' Receptions, first and third Tuesday evenings. Society Sociables, second and fourth Tuesdays in each month.

The Young Peoples' Progressive Society of Chicago, hold services Sunday morning and evening in their hall, Wabash Avenue and 22d street, at 10¾ and 7¾. The best speakers and mediums are always engaged.

Peoples' Spiritual Society meets at 116 Fifth Ave. every Sunday at 2:30 P. M. All are made welcome who visit Chicago. G. L. S. JENIFER, Pres.

Detroit, Mich.

Fraternity Hall, corner State Street and Park Place. Meetings held every Sunday at 10:30 A. M. and 7:30 P. M. AUGUSTUS DAY, Manager.

Brooklyn, N. Y.

Johnston Building, Flatbush avenue, corner of Nevins street.—Brooklyn Progressive Spiritual Conference every Saturday evening at 8 o'clock.

Troy, N. Y.

Progressive Spiritual Association No. 2, meets at Star Hall, corner of Third and Fulton streets, (entrance on Fulton) every Sunday.

Albany, N. Y.

First Spiritual Society meets in Van Vechten Hall, 119 State street (first floor), every Sunday at 10½ a. m. and 8 p. m Admission free. Ladies' Aid meets at the same place every Friday at 3, p. m., supper served at 6. p. J. D. Chism, Jr., Secretary.

Brockton, Mass.

First Spiritualist Ladies Aid Hall, Bay State Block 57 Centre street, Meets every Wednesday at 2 p. m. Sundays, lecture at 7 p m.

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The last spiritual dispensation had to struggle against the "better-than-thous." The present against the "know-it-alls."

Inspiration is a spiritual gift which opens our interior nature to the influx of light and the whisperings of our departed friends and loved ones.

Some people like to appear great in the eyes of the world, but act exceedingly small when it comes to serving a friend or doing a kind act by which to aid another.

Those who can reach the majority of minds by possessing the faculty or gift of giving expression to the highest spiritual truths in their simplest forms are the most influential; for around them are centred the greatest amount of spiritual force to aid in the promulgation of these truths.

Persistently keeping up a grudge against a person on account of some little misunderstanding, finally develops an absolute force or attribute of spirit for that effect which hampers us in the future, not being able to get rid of it again without exercising it persistently, and perhaps for as many years, for an opposite effect.

Spirit is the life-principle of matter, the law which governs it, the substance which unfolds it, the essence which vitalizes it, the force which individualizes it, the motive power which gives it intelligent activity, the divine spark which illuminates it, and withal the soul which quickens it and lends it immortality, the final result being man.

Mental or spiritual culture simply through cold intellectuality or science can never lead to happiness, for the love-principle is lacking. Spiritualism has inherited this—it being the birth of the new out of the old, and naturally contains the life essence of the whole. To become happy, therefore, we must accept Spiritualism on the basis of doing right to others as well as to ourselves.

What is life but a dream, the poet sings but when he gets married and becomes a father he finds that it is a dread reality with no time left for dreaming. The poet also hints at spirits arising "from the vasty deep," but when he begins to investigate Spiritualism he finds it to be a very practical affair, and the vasty deep but an imaginary abiding place (where perhaps bad poets go), taking from him all ardor for continued poetizing and leading him into prosy realms. Spiritualism is all fact, and so natural that many new converts wonder it can exist under the circumstances, believing that a dealing with spirits must be accompanied by a sort of magical ceremonies, decorated attic rooms with the moon as the illuminator, etc. And when they make the discovery that it all harmonizes with nature and intended to make man happy, they wish they had come sooner.

Private correspondents seem apprehensive that we have cancelled some of our past writings and desire to know if we found Spiritualism different from what we once thought it, said correspondents having been governed by the same till recently. No, it is not different in the fundamental principles, only that we have learned more on the same subject and have therefore a higher comprehension of life's philosophy. But as we did not agree with all of our fancies that arose in connection with these writings, we simply cancelled the whole, including the good that may have been in it, to begin anew, for which the editorial columns will speak without further questioning. This answer also to serve future correspondents or critics on this subject. *Verbum sat sapienti.*

WHAT IS THOUGHT?

Thought is the centralization of intelligence in the mind of an individualized life enity—the mind being the spirit of the brain or that portion of the spiritual body which corresponds with the physical brain—and impressed upon the latter for formulation into language or symbols indicative of that which it is intended to convey. Universal thought is simply intelligence as it exists in the cause, life, and expresses itself through matter in the form of laws or forces, planetary, vegetable, animal and human life. Such is the language of the Infinite Mind, and from which we may infer that a spiritual counterpart exists also, and that material life is the symbolic formulation of the former, conveying to the physical senses that which already exists in spirit.

Spiritualism is a new revelation freed from prejudice—a new law that does not despise the old from which it was evolved. Consequently it knows neither party, creed nor nationality, and those who attempt to cramp it by partizan or sectional usage are not Spiritualists and should be given a wide birth; for the one who exhibits prejudice towards party or creed will do so towards the individual. Party politics and religious beliefs are one thing and Spiritualism is another. The two cannot be mixed, and the spirit world does not recognize such promulgators as its authorized agents. Their truths cannot stand the test of perusal and meet with hasty dismissal from sight.

We would respectfully say to our critic on "Spirit Frauds" that said article is not a correspondence, but a reflection of the editor's ten years experience with Spiritualism. Though voicing the truth, it is merely done to paint a dark background as a preliminary to all the better illustrate the beauties of Spiritualism as he proceeds—his persistent effort to find the higher and better, having only come to him in the same way. What our good sister says of uncharitableness only appears so to her in her innocence and lack of experience that the more hardened sinners have to endure who venture into the sacred atmosphere of Spiritualism. Uncharitableness is to judge harshly those who are striving for the good but err on the road. This is not our motive. And the only way to reach certain dispositions is to speak severely to them and bring to their view actual facts that exist in connection with the philosophy preached to them. Object lessons are as necessary in this department as in the lyceum, for in reality we are all but pupils in the philosophy of universal life, only that we may teach each other by individual experience, and such are beneficial to those who are in the infancy of their development. The writer acknowledges at the close that there is much that is good in the article, but thinks the good effect is neutralized by the feeling of self-superiority and spirit of dictation. This is a matter of opinion as against this one protest many of an opposite nature have reached us, but as compliments lend us no impetus for reply this letter came in timely to furnish us with a subject. Next!

HOW TO BE HAPPY.

We received another growl of dissent. This time it was from some poor soul who seems to be in much darkness, to judge from the manner she interprets our meanings. Not that we feel sore about it, but it saddens our spirit to come in contact with such an aura. We read from it a stern, severely tried personage who has met with many disappointments and soured under the tribulations of life's ordeal. Her sarcasms indicate that our hints at reform are useless—that she has become disgusted with the many vain attempts to reach happiness in that way. But this is no evil. Our very disgust often proves an incentive to rise above our normal condition and strike out bravely for another field of action and in which we suddenly find ourselves being lifted up and carried along with rapid strides to brighter scenes accompanied by a better and happier feeling within. It is the passive state giving away to the active; inertia to energy; the unfruitful waiting condition substituted by an individual reaching out for that which requires only a little self-exertion to attain. With it all discontent votalizes and we are relieved of a burden—a pressure that has been the bane of our existence. Instead of disdainfully looking down upon those who are striving for happiness by a life of activity, a little affability and amiability, a desire to please and to aid unsolicited, we find ourselves engaged in the same pastimes and wonder how we could have condescended to such trifles. But small things lead to grand results in the spiritual scale. They may not be noticeable to the physical eye, but they add to the weight or influence of our soul natures and these manifest as joyousness never before experienced. Actions lead to happiness, not a passive expectation of results. The latter only embitters life and makes us faultfinding, caviling and finally conclude there is no happiness. Yes, there is. Love constitutes happiness. But to be in possession of it, we must develop it. Not by grumbling at those who are trying to make others happy, but by trying to do right and—be growled at for so doing.

Those whom the spirit world wish to engage in their service, they first pass through a course of training, trials and temptations not very pleasant to endure. But such has the same significance as "Whom God loveth he chasteneth."

SPIRIT GUIDANCE.

How far can we entrust ourselves to the advice or guidance of spirits, is a question not unfrequently coursing through the minds of mediums and those who are mediumistic or sensitive to spirit impression. Much depends on the kind of spirits we are dealing with—not referring to the material order in this instance, but to the departed individualized human intelligences.

All, of course, believe that their spirit friends are O. K., and would not, for the world, deceive them. That is literally true. No good spirit would deceive a mortal under any circumstances; nor would any spirit guide permit an attracting spirit to deceive his charge if he could prevent it. But for all that we are often deceived, and in the majority of cases by ourselves and not by the spirits. Even spirit guides might be accused of deception under these circumstances if we did not know of the barrier existing between us and the spirit world, and which barrier is directly connected with our personality—our own spirit—ourselves as it were.

It is a well-known fact that every mortal is surrounded by an aura. This aura is composed of the magnetic emanations emitted by the individual, and constitutes his spiritual mansion or dwelling place, and from which he peers forth into the spirit world, seeing it subjectively—whether as a mortal or spirit. Now, spirits in communicating to him, get their thoughts more or less tinctured with this aura, causing the same to formulate themselves accordingly on the brain of the medium. If untruthful himself, the spirits' thoughts will be perverted to the extent that the mortal instrument is possessed with the gift of prevaricating—all forms of dishonesty, pretense or selfishness taking the shape of perverted truth, and communications coming from the spirit realms will therefore partake of the mortal's individuality while being passed through his aura. Is the communicating spirit responsible for this? The most truthful spirit will find it difficult to give his thoughts unalloyed through such a channel, and when we are led astray under these circumstances who is to blame? To believe everything that comes from the spirit world without self knowledge is self-deception. Man is his own arbiter in this respect and may learn much of his own nature by exercising his reasoning faculties in connection with spirit-communion; for through it the scales are placed in our own hands and the balance weight held up to our soul perspective. Those who cannot see have no eyes for their own defects; but see those of others all the more, for they peer outward and not inward. As we look within ourselves we obtain the power of looking within others, and according to the latter we see the beauties that lie hidden within the soul realms of nature—be it man or the universe. Within are the sublime qualities of man to be found, and within the causes of effects to be sought. No reasoning from effect to cause is necessary under these circumstances, for it is depicted in the fact itself. The motive lies at the centre and this is love. Where love abides there is absolute truth, and to partake of its divine influence or its impulse for action, we must extend love. Like attracts like. As we give we receive, and in proportion to this giving-out soul action, we purify the aura surrounding us. During this interval already we become receptive to unperverted truths from our spirit friends, and may unhesitatingly follow their injunctions, they knowing well what is good for us. The influences which accompany the impressions are the talebearers of truth and according to these we may place reliance in the communications. If a feeling of joy or heartfelt love comes with the message, it comes from a truthful spirit and has succeeded in passing through our aura unperverted. If dubiousness attends it, there is something wrong about it; and if it irritates us, it is tainted with selfishness—either with that of the spirit or with our own aura, and, of course, unreliable in part or in whole, according to circumstances. Self-knowledge, though, is the surest guide; for all are not sufficiently sensitive to note spirit influences. Through the former we may judge by our reasoning powers and weigh the evidence in our favor problematically. If we have cause to believe that our conditions were good and pure at the time of receiving the communication, it may be relied on; for even a lying spirit must tell the truth against his inclinations under these circumstances, his contact with a pure or truthful aura converts him temporarily into a truthful spirit. So the pure need fear no deception; for an untruth will not pass through an untainted aura, or at least through one that is kept positive by honest soul intentions or a giving out impulse. Under these conditions spirit guidance is superior to our own, and we may fully rely on that which comes to us from the spirit world. Love is in every soul, and by giving it out, we attract its similitude from other souls—be they mortals or spirits, and who would not obey when prompted or guided by the sweet benign influence of love?

Why the majority of inspirational mediums are not permitted to obtain a thorough intellectual education before being fully developed as missionaries of the spirit world is because such interferes with the proper comprehension of the higher truths intended for man in the present. The old cannot mix with the new. New wine, new bottles. Embelishments may be added later.

OUR TRINITY.

Spiritualism as a religion is one of love; not of externalism or doctrinal belief. Spiritualists as individuals recognize no outward demonstration or legislative codes. A declaration may be adopted in societies, but there are seldom two alike, and thus every organization may be regarded as a denomination of its own. But despite this variation they are the most united people on the globe to-day, recognizing each other as workers in the same field on one grand truth—immortality—proven to them individually by the return of the spirits of their loved ones, whom the material world calls dead.

None disagree on this one fact, thus having one fundamental truth to build on. But the philosophy which originates from it is at variance, and at the point where this begins Spiritualism ends.

So far as living in accord with nature or doing justice to each other is concerned, there is no dissent, only that all do not possess the same power of following out these principles as they should be. But moral growth is naturally slow, and thus charity is profusely dispensed with by those who take the lead in this respect. Not to hide the imperfections of their brethren, but because the returning spirits universally teach it as the moral principle to be placed beside that one great fact, the proof of immortality. With absolute knowledge of a hereafter and love as the spiritual guide, no formulated code is necessary; and as every Spiritualist has this implanted in his heart, they stand organized without knowing it perhaps.

The side-issues, which arise from spirit communion, are due to individual fancies, some branching off into a purely materialistic conception of Spiritualism and call themselves spiritists or occultists; others holding fast to their former beliefs; while a third faction constitutes the iconoclasts, and think they are duty bound to tear down old structures in order to build up the cause. Between the three true Spiritualism often suffers by making out of the Spiritualist's papers campaign budgets to denounce each other in terms neither brotherly nor instructive, when in reality they are all wrong. Spiritualism is neither materialistic, sectarian, nor iconoclastic, but evolutionary from existing circumstances—from the present. The past has no connection with it. It is a purely new issue, evolved from the old, and as different from its fount as the butterfly is from the caterpillar, and can no more be allied to the bygone than the pretty winged insect with its former hull. To make the attempt would be to cripple it and spoil its beauty. Spiritualism must not have its wings impaired, but permitted to soar unimpeded upward. To prevent this it must be true to itself, true to the present, and true to its mediums. The latter constitute the human batteries through which spiritual truths are proclaimed to the world, and to them we should direct our attention instead of vieing as to who is right on questions that do not concern us.

Whether Christ ever lived or not is of no import to us now—not a bit more so than to the Chinese. And if those old "Chestnut" Spiritualists who hold on to ancient creeds and the materialists, feel inclined to debate that subject, at all events let it be on foreign ground and not through the Spiritualist newspapers. It is not Spiritualism, and neither teaches nor leads to anything in the end.

What we need is light on the present, light on mediumship, light on our own natures. The latter especially is most needed; for on this is based the grandest results of all. It constitutes the keystone of our entire structure and completes the trinity of our existence—immortality, love and self-knowledge. Absolute consciousness of continued existence in connection with spirit communion makes man naturally lead a better life than otherwise. Inspired by love to dispense love, elevates him above the ordinary level of humanity; and self-knowledge lends him a cue to his spiritual needs individually. With this trinity implanted in his soul, he needs neither faith, formulas nor fatherhood to lean on, and becomes an independent being in the true sense. As such he is a Spiritualist according to the decree of modern revelation, and on which he may organize a universal brotherhood regardless of country, color or condition. In that sense Spiritualism may be made a religion, if by religion we are to understand a unity of belief or a brotherhood of love. For if God is love and man's desire is to become one with the cause of his being, he must first unfold in himself that which will permit of this harmonious intercourse with the original.

So, let us take up the new and let the old rest in peace—except in so far as to make comparisons when needed for practical purposes or as historic reference, but not as a balancing appendage that is required to keep a kite in position, nor as a moral guide to keep Spiritualism from spoiling. Let those who revere the old preserve it, but retain it at home or in their hearts. Spiritualism progresses without it, and if a trinity is absolutely necessary for individual comfort let it be one that we can comprehend. We know that spirit communion is a fact; that love makes us happy, and that self-culture or self-knowledge leads to a higher comprehension of causes, or light upon that which neither the past reveals to us in fact, nor how to be attained in philosophy. Spiritualism embraces all the religious needs of the hour, for it constitutes truth, love and morality—a trinity of reason.

WHITHER ARE WE DRIFTING?

Politically speaking, toward liberalism; but intellectually and morally, toward a practical form of religion. The many dissents expressed through Protestantism indicate this. The whole is but a struggle toward that end, only that they do not venture far enough into the stream to reach the central current. The primitive move was the most difficult and will always be regarded as the greatest; for it required a mental effort unequaled by any in history. Those that followed were but imitators and had no further mental struggle to undergo than to advertise their ware and await customers. Luther is to Protestantism what Christ (whether as a personage or principle) was to Christianity—now called Catholicism. Prostestantism is no more Christianity than a frog is a tadpole, but it is a higher evolution out of the old, just as Spiritualism is an evolvement out of the recent past. That they claim the same savior was a necessary policy of the times, and so decreed by the spirits of that dispensation to aid the new movement. The effects prove the nature of the cause. The majority of the Protestants are church-goers from motives of policy,—not from principle, because they intuitively sense that it is useless to place their faith in something that does not exist for them. The aim of the spirit world was to liberate man from human deification—and it has succeeded. The Christ principle never was implanted in the new cause, and therefore it could never take root in the minds of thinking people. But this was necessary to prepare man for the true light, and so Prostestantism has been and is still the transition from Christianity to Spiritualism. Catholicism is the stepping stone from all other religious systems upwards. It is the fundamental religion to civilization and will continue so for some time to come, while Prostestantism will hold the balance in the spiritual scale to aid in the liberation from mental slavery. Spiritualism will gain adherents from the Prostestant ranks until it overbalances Catholicism, and with this advent it will be the religion of the day—that practical form which it is beginning to assume now, and for which forty years of preparation was necessary. We are out of the wilderness and Canaan is reached. Spiritualism is established; and all we need now is a general assembly to declare it to the world, and it will grow by itself. Spiritualism is drifting towards organization. Its very passivity indicates it. Like the operations of law, it is silent but potent, and ere long it will be flashed upon all how it is to be accomplished. We have but to await the signal from the spirit world, and then act in the matter. They are controlling this movement and we have but to passively await their commands. When the cause is implanted we will intuitively know its import, and when it begins to grow we will naturally drift to whither it leads us.

Reviews.

"Sketches of the Scientific Dispensation of a New Religion," by Singleton W. Davis, is a pamphlet of 64 pages just issued at 916 Third street, San Diego, Cal., and constitutes a collection of extemporaneous essays regarding the controversy between science and mysticism, and how the latter is to be superceded by scientific method. Price 20 cents. Address as above.

"Work is Worship," by H. S. Brown, M. D. Now in print. The object of the book is to call attention to the scientific methods of settling questions of a social order. Address the author, 527 Milwaukee street, Milwaukee, Wis.

From Our Reporter's Note Book.

Cincinnati Brevities.

Mrs. Kibby holds interesting parlor meetings every Sunday at 2 p. m.

Mrs. Sheehan lectures at Douglass Hall Sundays at 3 p. m.

The Ladies Aid Society will give a supper on Wednesday, February 27th, at G. A. R. Hall. Table d'hote from 6 to 8 p. m., and closing with a sociable. Admission to the whole, 25c.

Dr. A J Swarts gave a very interesting lecture on Mental Science at Odd Fellows' Hall last Sunday evening, and will give another to-morrow, the 24th, at 2:30 p. m. He has opened a class of instruction on this system of healing at 138 West Sixth street.

The following is the program of music for to-morrow, Sunday:

MORNING.

1. Overture - - King Mydas - - Ellenburg
2. Chant De Mignon - - - - - - - Schubert

EVENING.

1. Overture - Bridal Rose - - C. Lavallee
2. Flower Song - - (by request) - - Lange

The meeting of the Ohio Valley Missionary Association, held Wednesday evening, February 6, at Grand Army Hall, was well attended. The meeting was opened with an invocation by H. H. Warner, followed by addresses from Mr. Grooms and Mrs. Sheehan. Then Mrs. Sheehan gave a number of satisfactory psychometric readings. The closing address, a brief, stirring statement of the aims of the association and an appeal for the co-operation of all present, was made by the inspirational guides of H. H. Warner.

Personal.

J. C. H.—If the thoughts are in comport with the big names that come through the lady's mediumship, there is no reason why they should not be the spirits they claim to be. We only objected to the unreasonable credulity that some people were governed by without having intelligence enough to see the difference between sense and nonsense.

J. B., Philadelphia.—We suppose the young man, when a boy, was clairvoyant and what he then saw were spirits and spiritual scenes, but outgrew it as he comingled with the material world, as we know of instances ourself. The gift may be regained by associating with mediums or sitting in Spiritualistic circles and living in harmony with moral law.

Reported for The Better Way.

Cincinnati Society of Union Spiritualists.

Synopsis of Answers to Questions by Mrs. N. J. T. Brigham, Sunday, February 17, 1889.

The following were the questions propounded by the audience as the subjects of the morning discourse: "Is the atomic system matter, and if so, what is matter—physical or spiritual? Does matter think? What is soul, mind, or spirit? Who am I? Where am I going? Explain the relationship between the metaphysician and the spirit control. Is the spirit conscious during natural sleep of the physical, and if so can we see our spirit friends? What shall we teach our children?" The answers were woven together in a discourse sparkling with eloquent jewels of thought, to which a full report could not do justice, much less the brief synopsis our space permits. In dealing with the first question the speaker said that the tendency of the human mind had ever been speculative, ever reaching outward, upward, downward, like the wide-spreading rays of a star. Some in their speculations had gone so far as to claim that there was no matter in existence; that all is spirit; that what we see is only a seeming; that life on earth is subjective, not objective. On the other hand stood the purely materialistic thinker who declared that nothing had existence but matter; that life in all its forms was strictly objective and not subjective. The view taken by the speaker was that matter was but the expression of spirit; that spirit was in all, through all, an invisible power filling all space.

Life was truly compared to an inverted torch by the ancient priests. "Ah," says the matter of fact materialist, "now you are beginning to talk reason. Life is like the inverted torch because death ends all. I do not believe there is a spirit because I cannot see it or feel it." As if that settled the question. Ask this deep scientist, who will discourse upon the structure of atoms, "Did you ever see an atom?" "No!" "Then how do you know there is such a thing?" "Because—because they do," is what his answer amounts to. Consistency is a jewel, but these gentlemen don't seem to have it in their possession. They have fallen into the same line of argument they condemned in others.

Does matter think? Matter per se, of itself does not think. It is only the outward expression of that which does the thinking; only the clothes the spirit wears. And yet the spirit cannot express itself to you except through matter. What is it that binds matter together? It is the power of spirit, and it is the centre from which emanates all life, all thought.

What is soul, spirit, or mind? Many people use these terms interchangeably, counting spirit, soul, and mind as one and the same. To us, man is a trinity of body, spirit, and soul. The body is what you see visibly before you; the spirit, or spiritual body, is invisible, but is as much of a reality as though visible to the natural eye. You ask where is this spiritual body? You say we do not see it. Take a rose in its beautiful bloom. Fragrant perfume floats from it upon the soft, summer air. Can you tell where the perfume is? Is it just in the centre? Take the rose and pick it to pieces, petal by petal—the petals, each and all are filled with the fragrance. It is in the mysterious seed vessels, everywhere through the rose is the rich perfume. So the spiritual body or spirit fills all interstices of the external, and within the spiritual is the soul. If the soul is the same as the spirit why do mediums speak of seeing spirits and then of the unfoldment of the soul. The mind is that through which the soul and spirit express themselves, in thought and language.

Who am I? Where am I going? Who are you? You are an immortal being; an individual with God-given gifts of rising yourself and of helping others to rise. You are going—to live forever.

What shall we teach our children? The truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth. Don't send your children where they will learn that which they will hear contradicted at home. Such, in brief, were the answers to the questions propounded. Summer Land or The Beyond was the subject of the evening and will appear next week.

We are happy to state that since the new departure on the 26th of Jan. ult., we have only lost one subscriber, but added ONE HUNDRED AND EIGHTY-FIVE new ones to our list—not counting the many additional papers ordered by our new agents.

Briefs.

The Vanderbildts are worth $214,000,000.

Dr. Street is lecturing on occultism in Chicago.

Stoddard county, Mo., has a six-year-old boy speaker.

Dr. Dobson is going to build a hotel at Maquoketa, Ill.

J. Madison Allen is lecturing on Spiritualism in Quincy, Ill.

Mrs. Mattie E. Hull, by request, has consented to sit for spirit communications.

Carrier Dove says Dr. Dean Clarke is permanently established in Denver, Col.

Mrs. Colby Luther is creating quite a stir in Providence, R. I., the press manifesting much interest in her wonderful eloquence.

The Sunday "Press" of New York gives an entire page to Spiritualism, recording the opinions of the most profound in New York, Washington, Boston, Philadelphia, Chicago and St. Louis.

At a private seance at Salford, Eng., a shower of glittering dust fell on the sitters and on the floor of the room, of which a quantity was gathered up and sent as a sample to the editors of the Medium and Daybreak.

The New York Psychical Society now holds regular meetings on Tuesday evenings at Gautier's Hall, 510 Sixth Avenue. The free exercise of mediumistic gifts, considering the phenomena, laws, etc., constitutes a feature in the program.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Grand Rapids Mich.

The seventh annual meeting of the State Association of Michigan, is being held at Good Templars' Hall, this week, beginning Friday 22d and ending Sunday 24th. Good speakers from home and abroad are present.

Cleveland, O.

J. Frank Baxter is meeting with large and enthusiastic audiences here, and as usual keeps them spell-bound from beginning to end. His subjects are generally of that order, which tend to attract all classes of liberal thinkers, and therefore never fails to meet with success. His engagement closes Sunday evening, February 24.

San Bernardino, Cal.

The lectures of Judge Featherstone at Liberal Hall, are attracting considerable attention and creating much comment among thinking people. It will be remembered that this gentleman is a recent accession to the cause, and as soon as convinced of its truth boldly announced it and made quite a stir in consequence. He now lectures every Sunday evening, giving statistics, making contrasts between this and other isms, and attracts large audiences on account of his fine renditions, both intellectually and eloquently considered.

Lookout Mountain, Tenn.

Since Dr. Fuller's arrival here much activity has been awakened in the ranks of Spiritualism. His Sunday lectures attract large audiences, and among them a goodly number of new investigators. Dr. Fuller's chief control is Dr. Fragerre, whose depth of thought leaves a profound impression on the auditors. Nemona, an Indian maiden, controls him for clairvoyant delineations and pleases greatly. Messrs. Payner and Weigle also aid the cause by giving tests of the above nature when occasion necessitates. Messrs. Morrill, McLane, Albert and Seeman are steadfast supporters of the cause and render the same many good services, the latter named gentlemen especially having been a true adherent to the same for many years.

St. Augustine, Fla.

Of last Sunday's meeting the St. Augustine Press says:

"The discourse of Mr. A. E. Tisdale before the Society of Spiritualists last Sunday afternoon, was another of those extraordinary intellectual efforts for which the lecturer is noted. There is something we may say wonderful, that a man who is totally blind and has been so since his boyhood—a man who has had no schooling or any other means of educating himself, should be able to hold an audience for an hour and a half without the slightest indication of impatience or weariness on the part of his hearers and upon subjects which the highest intellects of the day cannot and dare not hold a discussion or argument with him, to say the least, is not only remarkable, but truly wonderful. We have no especial sympathy or attraction with or for Mr Tisdale. We have attended his lectures purely as a matter of duty and to gratify the desire to always listen to anyone whom we recognize as possessing intellectual abilities to instruct us in our search after knowledge, either in science, theology or any other subject. Mr. Tisdale's lectures last Sunday, both afternoon and evening, were full of new and original thought, and his power to illustrate and demonstrate his views are so convincing, that little room is left for dissension."

Bellevue, Ky.

At a seance held at Dayton, Ky., this afternoon, at which only a few persons were present and an undeveloped medium, we were much surprised at the results. Shortly after the circle was opened the trumpet was heard moving around the room and Dr. Sharp made himself known. After a pleasant greeting, he retired to permit my little son to manifest, who, after giving his name, left again.

Yellow Squaw, the control of a friend present, came next, and began making things lively by beating all of us with a trumpet until the medium's control took it away from her. This brought forth a war-hoop. After this a little son of Yellow Squaw's medium came, gave his name and retired. Hereupon the wife of my friend manifested by giving her name in full and opened a conversation. Then Yellow Squaw got hold of the trumpet again, but was checked by Dr. Sharp from repeating her pranks. A struggle ensued, which lasted over a minute, and was an exact imitation of two mortals in a wrestling match. But Yellow Squaw was finally subdued and with another war-hoop gave up the control to another spirit.

The medium is a lady who is just developing this phase, and therefore withholds her name from the public.

Yours, a reformed skeptic,
February 17. D. C. MEEKER.

Chicago, Ill.

The Peoples Spiritual Society held its regular meeting on Sunday with President Jenier in the chair. The services were opened with vocal and instrumental music through the organist, Mrs. F. Cole, followed by a few moments silent prayer. The subject of the day was "What shall the harvest be?"—Discoursed upon by Mrs. Dr. Preston, Mrs. De Wolf and Mrs. Bromwell. Tests were given by Mrs. Ruth Graham and Mrs. Laura De Knevett.—Miss Thomas held her evening services at 11 North Ada street, and drew a crowded house. All were especially pleased with the tests given. S. A. SARELL.

The Spiritualist mediums Society meeting was held in Avenue Hall, 159 Twenty-Second street, notwithstanding the storm of yesterday. There were about two hundred present. President Jones opened the meeting with a few remarks, followed by singing. W. H. Blair spoke on spiritual phenomena. Mrs. Belle F. Hamilton, the only medium present, occupied the rostrum a half hour, giving some wonderful tests which astonished the persons who received them. She is a splendid platform test medium. Her meeting, held in the evening at her residence, 169 South Paulina street, was largely attended. This little medium is doing a grand work for the cause of Spiritualism, both publicly and privately. She has the best wishes of all her friends. L. GARDNER.

Dayton, O.

We have at last organized a society for the promulgation of our grand and glorious philosophy, and with a little missionary work on the part of our physical mediums we hope soon to be in a healthy and prosperous condition—such as Mrs. Seery has been doing by her monthly visits to this city. It is through such a phenomena that we have been enabled to form the Progressive Harmonial Society. With addresses from members and good test platform speakers who may volunteer their services at each regular Sunday meeting, we may be able to accomplish the good designed by our union in a short time; viz: the emancipation of man and womankind to that grand realm of thought and action which all must ultimately attain.

A word in behalf of one of the most self-sacrificing that ever trod the Spiritualist platform, and who has made it possible for us to invite other good mediums to visit us and permanently locate here. This is Mrs. Maggie Stewart, of Piqua, O., who, on Sunday evening, the 10th inst., entertained quite a good sized audience on the subject of "Union and Organization," and attracted the utmost attention. After the lecture she gave eight or nine psychometric readings of a highly satisfactory character. On Sunday following, she again volunteered to be with us, gave another lecture and about a dozen readings, all of which was so much appreciated that our best wishes go with her. Mrs. Brigham was here on Monday, the 18th, of whose interesting discourse, I shall make a report later on. Yours,

DR. J. L. ZELL.

The First Society of Spiritualists of New York.

Mrs. M. E. Williams, the well-known materializing medium, gave her first regular lecture upon a public platform, this forenoon at Adelphi Hall. She spoke to the subject, "The vices and abuses of Spiritualism." She said: "Mankind's progress has been opposed by two giant forces' ignorance and prejudice. These have scoffed and sneered at the inventions and discoveries of the past, but we think that the world has progressed; for who would dare sneer at Thomas Edison? She spoke from short notes and made some apt and telling remarks, and was frequently and loudly applauded.

When giving out the notices, Henry G. Newton, Esq., the President of the Society, called attention to an article in the "Press" of this morning, stating that some fairness had been shown us at last. He said that the secular press had been under the influence of ecclesiasticism, but this marks an epoch for us. There has not been before one of the secular papers published in New York that dared publish our side of Spiritualism. They are published to make money, and they will publish falsehood just as readily as truth if they can make money out of it.

There was a large and interesting audience at the afternoon meeting, and the influences splendid, harmony perfect, and the audience thoroughly delighted with all the exercises, which were first a piano solo by Miss Ella F. Porter, song by Miss Lily Runals. Miss Runals is called the "queen of song" and to have heard her to-day, would have proved it. Henry J. Newton spoke again on the position of "The Press," in its fair statement of Spiritualism in this morning's issue, and also how prestidigitateur Herman in his attempt to expose Spiritulism got the worst of it before a New York audience yesterday afternoon at matinee performance. Several persons gave their experiences. A whistling solo by Miss Mamie Horton followed, closing with congregational singing.

In the evening, Mrs. Spence lectured, taking for her subject "Life, its Quality." Mrs. Spence spoke with great force and vigor, as in times of old when there were but very few voices heard as public speakers in defense of Spiritualism, and will continue on the subject of "Dual Life" next Sunday evening. In the morning, next Sunday, Mrs. M. E. Williams will lecture, and in the afternoon tell her experience as a medium and give some tests.

Next Wednesday evening, February 25, Miss Lily Runals will give a grand musical concert at Masonic Temple, corner of Twenty-third and Sixth Ave. She will be assisted by Miss Mamie Horton and other eminent artist. All Spiritualists in New York and vicinity should attend, and they can rest assured that such opportunities are rare for a feast of good music. PATTERSON.

February 17, 1889.

AMUSEMENTS.

Heucks.

The Bostonians begin the second engagement in this city at Heuck's Monday night, by giving the first performance of their new opera, "Pygmalion and Galatea." This work is by far the most ambitious effort of the organization since its formation, and the triumph of this evening well rewards all of the labor put out in making the opera ready for performance. The music and the book fit together as the work of Gilbert and Sullivan has done in the lighter operatic works of the past, and the music, as a whole, is a constant source of interest and pleasure to the listener. The opera is made in three acts and the finales are all strikingly effective, that of the second act taking rank with the best of the grand operas of the repertoire. The cast is as follows: Pygmalion, a Greek sculptor, Tom Karl; Cyniscs, his wife, Jessie Bartlett Davis; Myrine, his sister, Carlotta Maconda; Leucippe, a soldier, W. H. Macdonald; Chrysos, a rich Athenian, H. C. Barnabee; Daphne, his wife, ——; a priest, Eugene Cowles; Galatea, a statue, Marie Stone. The repertoire for the balance of the week is Tuesday, Dorothy; Wednesday matinee, Don Pasquale; Wednesday night, Pygmalion and Galatea; Thursday, Fatanitza; Friday, Mignon; Saturday matinee, Dorothy; and Saturday night, Bohemian Girl. The advance sale of seats is now in progress, prices ranging from $1.50 to 50 cents.

People's.

The Nelson World Co. returns to the Peoples Theatre Sunday afternoon. Since their last appearance here, the company has been greatly strengthened, by the addition of some of the most popular vaudevillites in the profession, and the extremely clever performances they gave when here before. At the head of the company stand the Nelson family in their peerless acrobatics. Their accomplishment of the most difficult feats with extreme dextrity is a well-known and recognized fact. Mlle. Ancion, in a novel performance on the trapeze; Clark and William, in a new budget of black face comedy; Welman, in novel ventriloquisms. He manipulates an entire minstrel troupe; Sisters Coyne, in duetts and dances, two of the greatest characterists living, the Hems Brothers; Nellie Franklyn, in character, songs and dances; Griffi and Sangan, in their mirth-provoking Irish oddities; John Coleman, the most finished deciple of terpsichore that ever appeared here; Mlle. Forgardus, and her flock of trained birds; Pitrot, the wonderful mimic and Leo Freus O'Briene, musical grotesques. The concluding feature is "Is marriage a failure?"

Boston Notes

Isabella Beecher Hooker is doing a great work for woman's suffrage.

Mrs. Amy Post, of Rochester, N. Y., a veteran Spiritualist, has passed on. Dr. Fred Willis preached the funeral sermon.

Gerald Massey has just been called back to England, because of the severe illness of his daughter, who is afflicted with consumption. About the only lectures he gave in America were in Boston before the Independent Club.

The Boston Esoteric Society and the Theosophists are in a great pickle, and have been ventilating their troubles in the papers—a very material way of affecting a spiritual (?) work, their truths. "Peace be unto you" would come into use to some purpose just now.

Mr. J. W. Fletcher delivered his Spiritualism illustrated before an audience that packed Berkeley Hall, Boston, to overflowing, and many were unable to gain admission even. The magnificent views faded on the mammoth screen with wonderful precision, and elicited the most marked appreciation and applause. The same evening Mr. Fletcher reported the lecture at Chelsea to an audience, that filled all the standing room in Pilgrim Hall. He lectures in Lowell, Mass. next Sunday, and on the following, Mr. Frank Algerton, the boy medium, lectures in Chelsea next Sunday, in Brockton the next following, and in Portland, Maine, the 3d and 4th of March. Address, Lecture Bureau, 6 Beacon street, Boston, Mass.

In Odd Fellow's Temple at 2:30 p. m., Sunday, 24th inst., Dr. Swartz will lecture on the Cause and Cure of Disease. The afflicted specially invited. Admission Free, but a collection taken for expenses.

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Movements of Mediums.

[All announcements and notices under this head must be received at this office by Monday to insure insertion the same week

Mary L. French is open for engagements for 1889.

Dr. F. L. H. Willis is now residing at Glenora, Yates Co., N. Y.

J. H. Randall will answer calls to lectures on Spiritualism. Address, 229 Honore street, Chicago, Ill.

Mrs. M. E. Aldrich, inspirational speaker, may be addressed 55 West Exchange street, St. Paul, Minn.

Mrs. T. J. Lewis, speaker and test medium, 305 Harrison Ave., Boston, will answer calls in the Eastern States.

Mrs. Fannie Ogden, 618 Main street, Peoria, Ill. Trance, Test and Psychometric reader. Can be engaged for the season of 88 and 89.

Miss Josephine Webster, Trance and Platform Test medium, will answer calls for the fall and winter months. 98 Park street, Chelsea, Mass.

Dr. Delavan De Voe, the renowned automatic slate writer and magnetic healer, is now located at 208 W. Fourteenth street, St. Louis, Mo.

Dr. Dean Clarke may now be addressed at Denver, Col., and where he will be pleased to receive calls in the west for spring and summer.

Geo. H. Brooks can be engaged for the months of March, April and May of '89. Address all communications care of THE BETTER WAY.

Societies desiring to engage the eloquent and popular inspirational lecturer, Mrs. S. E. Warner-Bishop, should address her at Fort Dodge, Iowa.

Mr. J. W. Fletcher, lecturer and public test medium. Address No. 8 Beacon street, Boston. Mr. Fletcher accepts engagements in New England only.

Miss Lizzie D. Bailey, trance lecturer and psychometric reader, is open for engagements. Reasonable terms. Address Dr. Thos. McAboy, 727 Twelfth st., Louisville, Ky.

Mrs. Carrie C. Van Duzee, trance lecturer and medium, is now ready to receive calls to lecture from any point for public, parlor, or missionary work. Address her at Geneva, Ohio.

Miss E. A. Viel, health and business medium, 216 West Fifty-third street, New York City, will give advice in the above and read character according to the new science of solar biology.

J. W. Kenyon lectures in Keene, N. H., during month of January. Open for engagements for February and March, which he would like to spend in Vermont. Address 40 Woodland street, Worcester, Mass.

Frank T. Ripley is engaged at Albany, N. Y., for February, and will be at Alliance, O., during March and April. Societies desiring his services as platform test medium weekday evenings while in Ohio, may address him care Mrs. S. S. Rockhill, Alliance, Ohio.

Miss Emma J. Nickerson, a graduate of the Detroit School of Elocution and inspirational speaker, is now open for lecture engagements. Improvises upon subjects presented by the audience, and reads psychometrically under favorable conditions. Address 123 West Concord street, Boston.

Mr. Harrison D. Barrett of Meadville, Pa., is specially recommended to us as an inspirational speaker of unusual promise. He is ready to fill engagements upon the Spiritualist platform, and would be pleased to correspond with societies with a view to engagements.

Mrs. Ida P. A. Whitlock, psychometrist will lecture and give readings February 17 and 24 at New London, Conn., Albany, N. Y., during March, and at Pittsburgh, Pa., during April. She would like to make week day engagements in the vicinity of the last two named places.

Mr. W. A. Mansfield, the well-known slate writing medium who spent the summer at Cassadaga Camp, has returned to Boston to pursue his studies in the Monroe College of Oratory. He is now located at 566 Columbus Avenue, and will devote a portion of his time, afternoons, to the exercise of his gifts as a medium.

Mrs. E. A. Wells, lecturer and public test medium, will make engagements for camp-meetings in July and August to lecture or give tests, or both, and is open for lecture engagements for the months of March and April, and will speak week day evenings at any place in the state of Indiana, during February. Societies desiring to make engagements address 990 Sixth Ave., New York.

Helen Stuart Richings, during the Sundays of February, will speak and give psychometric readings and tests before the Spiritual Union of Norwich, Conn., and will engage to give week-night lectures or entertainments at points in Eastern New York, Connecticut, Rhode Island and Massachusetts, in regard to which correspondence is solicited. Address P. O. Norwich, Conn.

Mr. Eugene Stevenson, formerly of Minneapolis, the sealed letter answering medium and lecturer, who has given the Chicago skeptic, Charley Duckworth, and others such convincing tests, will, for the remainder of the winter, make his home with Judge Pierce, of Ellsworth, Pierce Co., Wisconsin, Box 135, and will be glad to hear from his old patrons there. Will answer any call to lecture in or out of the State.

Miss Jennie B. Hagan is now ready to make engagements for camp work in the months of July and August, '89. She may be addressed at South Framingham, Mass. During the month of April and half of May, '89, she will speak on Sundays in Ohio, and will engage to speak week days and evenings of this period at points in Ohio, Indiana and Kenucky, giving a course of six lectures at a place, as she is now doing in New England, or a less number, as may be desired, at moderate charge. Regarding such engagements she respectfully solicits correspondence.

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Mrs. M. Englert. Trumpet. 67 Marshall Ave.

Mrs. A. Kibby, clairvoyant and test medium, 538 W. Eight street.

Mrs. Stewart. Trumpet and Independent Slate Writing 10 Addison street.

Mrs. Anna Cusna, Independent Slate Writer. 454 West Eighth street.

Mrs. Laura A. Carter, Hawthorne avenue, Price Hill, Independent Slate Writer.

Mrs. Isa Wilson Porter, 16 West Ninth st., Psychometric and Fire-Healing.

Lavinia Knowles Douglass, Trance, Test, and Healing Medium, 86 West Seventh st.

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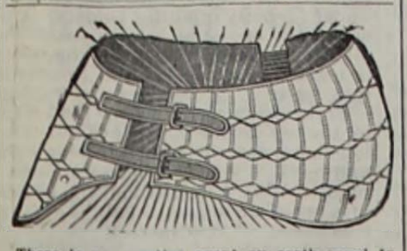
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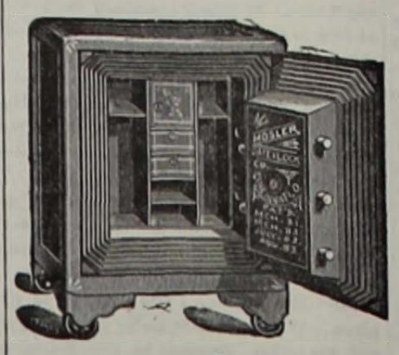
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SPIRIT MESSAGES.

Given Through the Mediumship of Dr. G. A PEIRCE, Lewiston, Maine.

1.

FAYETTE GREEN,

To Ruth Moriah Green, Omro, Wisconsin: Dear Sister, it has only been a few days since my body was buried up in the ground—not me—I got out my body—fever helped me out. Don't take on so! I send this to you for good news of my still living. To live after dying was news to me, and it will be so to you and all the other Adventists. Yours in love. Weep no more; but laugh with me for joy of life, that will be sick nor die any more! Your loving sister, Fayette.

2.

JOSEPH MARTIN,

Harmony, Maine. Folks at home will tell you I have been dead over two years. If dead it is so funny for me to be here telling to this medium about myself and the folks in Harmony, that I must laugh. Don't go about with long faces any more, John and Jef, and father and mother. I live and love you and home as much as ever.

3.

EMERSON BLAKE,

Youngs Town, New York. I am east. Where am I? O, could I know that this terrible anxiety would cease. It was only yesterday, on Christmas that I was at home with father, mother and friends. Now I am among strangers and alone, except a poor old woman, who tells for me what I tell her to this medium, she says he is. She tells me I fired a pistol at my head yesterday because I felt so very bad about a young female friend giving more of her attentions to another man than to me. I do not feel a bit happy now. Tell the folks at home about me. I shall feel better soon. I am sorry, dear friends, who loved me so dearly, that I was such a fool as to kill myself. Father, mother, Jennie, and sister Lue, do forgive me! If you only will, I am told here, I shall feel better, be all right and happy.

4.

MARCUS RICHARDSON,

North Bangor, Maine. I had been a Spiritualist for more than thirty years. Never had any faith or belief in churches or the teachings of their ministers. It is all a novel story and a fable, mixed with history and Spiritualism with false teachings about nature and philosophy. Was a mechanic and was a very old man when I departed earth existence. I was about ninety years of age. The churches and ministers all sent me to hell by their talk, but I have found no hell yet, but in every respect is more desirable to me than their heaven would be, the way they picture it out. I am very happy and have found all of my relatives gone before, and neighbors and acquaintances, happy in the enjoyment of their beautiful homes. I found all happy but one good old deacon, who in earth state cheated me out of a few dollars worth of work, swearing on his oath that he had paid me. All though I told him he need not feel cast down about that trifle, he would put his hand upon his heart and stomach and mourn about what he had done to cheat me. He did not krow what to do; finally a beautiful advanced angel came along—enquired what was the matter, when upon being told, said, "If you brother are really sorry for what you done in earth-life to this individual, (meaning myself) ask his forgiveness in a public way and if your petition is granted you will then be all right." Accordingly, this good brother church member fell upon his knees before me, the infidel and Spiritualist, and humbly asked me to forgive him. Yes, I said, taking him by the hand, arise and be happy, the past with me, of you is all right. Please send this to Marcus Richardson's heirs, North Bangor, Maine.

5.

MRS. CAPT. JAMES BLAKELY.

It was a beautiful day—seemed like a charming sensation to me as I stood on the deck of the Sarah Jones, the twentieth day of September, 1862, off the island of Cuba, bound to Rio for a load of coffee from Philadelphia. I had my beautiful boy babe in my arms and was singing in unison with the waves against the sides of the ship, enjoying myself as only a young mother can, when to my horror the cry of fire came up from below and with it a cloud of smoke and a voice from Capt. Blakely, with it, 'Look out for the magazine for the fire is close to it." The words had not got out of my ears before myself, babe, the ship's crew and part of the ship were blown high into the air. I did not see my husband or babe again till we all met upon the shores of the spirit-life and world. The shock benumbed my senses so I knew nothing till this awakening. I have friends in Philadelphia who will be glad to get even this obscure way of letting them know our whereabouts and the fate of the ship, Sarah Jones. If my friends think of our Ada's stories, so much the better, that will be a good evidence of my existence in spirit spheres, as spiritual conditions are named in the immortal. My friends, I don't see but I am just the same being as I was before the destruction of the ship. My feelings are the same in every sense. The Captain says it is the same with him. He tells me the ship was destroyed by the rebel incendiaries. A slow match had fired the magazine, and the perpetrator had escaped in a boat to Cuba. Beautiful life where I am.

JAMES LAKE.

Who of the mortal knows about this being a spirit except as the spirit informs them? I claim to be a spirit, but to me, I am as tangible as any mortal claims to be. My condition of tangibleness is different that is all—is of another order. I can go anywhere. Matter if combined in granite or iron is not any hindrance to my movements. Particles of matter are in such a state as to be penetrable by any spirit, same as water or air to the mortal. How very strange is this statement to the human being. But is it any more wonderful than that man is a spirit? Not in the least. To man's mind, all things are wonderful and unaccountable, in nature. All is mystery. So am I to myself. My name is James Lake, of Concord, N. H. In the days of the old Revolution, I was a trader in that place. Was a soldier under Washington, and was taken prisoner by the Britishers, in a little skirmish the Yankees had with them, and marched to Bigahadoes, in Maine, from Halifax, from there with three hundred others, to Dartmoor prison in England where it is recorded I died. How I did hate those red-coats—have got over that now and see humanity in a different light. I was when in the mortal considered to have, in those days, a good education. Here, I find, my knowledge there was very limited. I knew nothing of this Spiritualism, only had information about witches, whom, it was claimed, had very wonderful things occur in their presence. Now the teachings of these times are looked upon by the progressed and enlightened spirits, as instruction only adapted to that age. However, as convenient as it is to get knowledge here, there are very many spirits, in exactly the same state they were in when they left the mortal body. I only mention a few of these particulars to let mortality know something of the spirit state, if they will heed my message. At first reaching the spiritual state, my feelings were similar to other spirits, whose conditions have so often been described. I found a great work before me to do. I had died, as the saying is, a soldier in the Yankee ranks and found my services in no way at an end. My death only brightened and heightened my work. Now as a spirit I had the minds of men to deal with instead of their bodies, hence a great field of opportunities was before me to do good and you may be sure readers, I was not slow to improve every opportunity for the liberty and welfare of my country and the poor and suffering soldiery and people in it. To do this work made me very happy. I could go into the palaces of kings and quarters of commanders and cells of the prisoners, and do my work. I could not open the material doors of the prisons, or remove the chains from the bleeding limbs, but I could open the doors of the mind and let the light of contentment and rest shine in, which would lighten the burden of sorrow of the heart and weight of anguish upon the body. With others, did I work and labor, till Freedom waved her majestic banner over a free people! I was, and am very happy in doing my great work. Have not finished yet nor shall not, while mortality and spirits exist. Spiritualism is the great Redeemer of human race from the bondage of ignorance and superstition. No mortality or nationality can stop its progress. It will conquer all opposition in its own way. Dear mortals having the knowledge, fear not!

The following messages will appear next week:

A. Von Humboldt, W. Heart, J. Williamson, J. Engals, Osceola.

Written for The Better Way.

The Lessons of Spiritualism.

H. H. WARNER.

NO. II.

ORGANIZATION AND COMPENSATION.

Punica Fides! So exclaimed the Roman upon the return of the Embassy of Flamiuius from Carthage and that epithet has clung to the language of history as an epitomization of the meanest treachery and foulest deceit. Men and women exist to-day who claim to be Spiritualists, who do not comprehend the lessons taught by the divinest of philosophies, and even if they comprehended, could not apply them, because of their unfitness to apply truth when known and comprehended as such. They have never, as yet, learned the fact that truth in all things; in speaking and acting; in writing and thinking is demanded at all times and in all places. They violate the most solemn pledges of fidelity, and then turn round and cry out: "Behold how great are we, the chief rulers of the Spiritual Israel."

"To thy tents, oh Israel!" The lesson has been placed before us, and surely "he who runs may read" and profit thereby. For forty years a certain class of Spiritualist have set back and decried organization upon the plea that the church was organized and we wanted no Christians, and thus, in the house of our own friends, are we laid low.

A cry, one too, with, alas, more foundations of fact, than poetry, is raised by these good people of "Jesuit spirits" whenever anything goes wrong with them, or the cause they represent. To them, organizations on the earth plane, is unnecessary and fraught with danger. They say it will allow the church influences to gain control.

Oh, me! My friends; in all our work we should never lose sight of the fact that organization is the groundwork of all civilization, of all order and system in communities of correlated individualities. That without *union* there can be no victory. Straggling groups here and there carrying on a guerrilla warfare may harass and cut off parties of the one wing, but it is the organized and drilled battalions who stand the crash of battle and march to glorious triumph. In the spirit realms the angels are organized for their different purposes, under properly qualified leaders. They ask our co operation in the grand work of human redemption from the chains of bigoted superstitions and priestly interference.

From every corner of our land comes up the cry of the martyrs to our cause: "Ye have deserted us in our hour of trial and need." Why? Because of lack of funds. Why a lack of funds? Because of a want of organization. Let, then, this lesson of Spiritualism be brought home to each and every one of us, and from the clear waters of Cassadaga and the murmuring pines of Nemoka, to the lofty heights of Lookout; from Oakland to Onset shall echo and re-echo the jubilant shouts of the hosts that come up to battle for the truth.

In every hamlet and village, in every town and city there can and should be an organization of the friends of Spiritualism. It can be done, and funds raised and speeches and mediums paid for their labors as well as the ministers. Organize and send out your thoughts of harmony and peace to your fellow beings from these centres of power. 'Twill bring the victory nearer.

Spiritualism means nothing if it does not mean an elevation of the tone of our conversations in words and deeds. The grand lesson of Spiritualism—the crowning glory among its garlands,—is the fact of compensation. The fact that the virtue of self reliance is inculcated and implanted within the breast of every true Spiritualist.

Compensation: How great is the meaning condensed within that one word. 'Tis the downfall of ancient dogmas and weird superstitions. No more can silver-tongued divines (?) win the applause and favor of the hour by preaching the beauties of atonement and saving grace, while the terrible crimes go unnoticed. 'Tis in vain to cry aloud to Jesus. He never had the power to forgive other than the sins against his own person, if indeed he ever existed other than in the crude legends of his people and the forged books of the priesthood. The only atonement you can make is that of restitution, the atonement of living in accord with the laws of nature, physical and psychic.

These, then, are the lessons that Spiritualism teaches to us: "To do unto others as we would that others should do unto us." To live for others as well as for ourselves, and that there is no escape from the consequences of our acts. Leaving this we say: Let us all march forward, presenting a united front of organized effort to our foes, and each day camp on new ground ahead of, and not in the rear of the past days' camping ground.

Written for The Better Way.

Mathematics and Immortality.

II.

As an avalanche in advancing becomes more irresistible, even so the daily more and more progressive and progressing science of immortality. Like the first it is becoming more and more irresistible. Staticians tell us, the number of dying persons during 100 years is 3 303 303 300, leaving on an average, a family of 5 each or 16 516,516,500 surviving mourners behind them, eager to investigate, learn and know about the destiny of their departing friends.

I leave it for your numerous, intelligent readers to draw their own conclusions.

The age of reason, pure and divine knowledge, truth and wisdom is coming to the front,—heralding the dawn of the long hoped for millenium.

My old friend, the late Judge Edmond's motto was: "The truth against the world." Mine is: "The truth for the world." Is not this the better way? The truth shall make you free; seek and you shall find it. J. LOWENDAHL.

Vineland, New Jersey, Feb. 10, 1889.

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Written for The Better Way.

A Beautiful Seance.

"Alas for him who never sees
The stars shine through his cypress trees!
Who hopeless, lays his dead away,
Nor looks to see the breaking day
Across the mournful marbles play!
Who hath not learned, in hours of faith,
The truth to flesh and sense unknown,
That life is ever lord of death,
And love can never loose its own!"

Again I take my pen to recount another experience, not of the character of the one published in your issue of January 12 but a page from the book of life, that brings joy instead of grief.

Permit me to say by the way of preface to this narrative, that Arielle, my daughter, passed to spirit life on the 14th of February, 1888, from the home of my aged mother, in Rockland, Maine. The event came sudden and unexpected. Hers was a sad and broken life, grief and distress had been her portion from the time she left school, a bright, loving, happy girl in San Francisco. There are many whose eyes will scan the pages, who will recall her cruel earth experiences and will weep in spirit with her stricken mother.

"O, say not that death is cruel,
Call him not a foe to man,
. . . . . .
For he comes with healing in his wings.

As soon as her spirit left the form she came to me with a bound, while seated at the table in San Bernardino. She had passed away at 5 a. m. and came to me at quarter to eight.

I attended a materialization on the following August for the first time after her higher birth, and wondered as I took my seat if my poor child would be able to show herself. Pretty soon she walked from the cabinet and said in her own way, "Mother I am over! They all met me and I am happy.

And here let me say to the readers of THE BETTER WAY that of all the spirits it has been my privilege to meet, both East and West (and I have a dear father, brother and sister over there), none have furnished me with the assurance, "doubly sure," as that of my darling child.

Long years agone, when the wings of the dark angel of sorrow was brooding around my earth path, then was given me from the world of spirit a beautiful inspiration full of prophesies for the future, when sorrow had done its work. I recall a time and deem it applicable to the condition of the one who has exchanged her earth garments for the robe of immortality.

"From shriven souls the highest light is cast
Wrought by the anvil, and the furnace blast,
The vulcan spirit that subdues the world
And casts her children in a purer mould."

Thursday, January 24, Mrs. Elsie Reynolds telegraphed me from Oceanside that she would hold three seances in San Bernardino, and requested me to notify the friends. Accordingly the circle convened at my home on the evening of that day, and was a success as far as our spirit friends were concerned. My sister came, and other friends, together with my daughter, but gave no hint of what was in store for me on the next evening, which happened to be my birthday. There were not many among the guests who even knew the fact. But our dear friends beyond and my angel child had prepared a surprise indeed.

The circle went on as usual until nine o'clock, when Ardelle came to the aperature and said "Mother." I went to her, when she said "I am very happy to-night, mother; place the stand up to the cabinet and remove the lamp to the opposite side of the room. Now, bring the silver tray from the other room, put glasses upon it and a knife."

I did as she directed, when she lifted the tray from the stand and took it in the cabinet and immediately returned it, setting it upon the stand. It was covered with cake, candy and bon-bons. She then passed a bottle of angelica wine and said "Mother, cut the cake and pass it to the guests, and pour the wine into the glasses and pass it around." I did as she directed, and on returning the tray to the cabinet, she called up two gentlemen from among the guests and requested them to join hands over the table, telling me to lay my hands on top of theirs, they standing each side of the entrance, and I directly opposite. She then placed her hand above all, and said: "Friends, this is my mother's birth-day; I have planned this surprise for her; it will be some time before I can come again in visible form; promise me that you will be friends to my mother; she is alone, give her a cheering word and your sympathy. She is working for the uplifting of humanity. She is weak in body but strong in spirit. Pledge me to-night that you will be kind to my mother. She then raised her hands over her head and called down a benediction from the supernal world, and a blessing on all assembled.

Then turning to me, she said; "O, I am very happy to night, mother, write to dear brother and sister, and tell them I was the only one to celebrate your birthday. Tell them I send love. And now, mother, I must say good-bye, be happy."

Mr. Gruff, the cabinet control, then appeared in the entrance and said: "Mrs. Thorndyke, I will drink to your good health on your birthnight. I poured some wine into the glass and handed it to him; he passed it back and said you drink first." I complied, and passed it to him, when he drank and gave the glass back to me.

He then called the guests to him and took them by the hand, assisting the ladies, in a jocose manner, then turning to me, he said: "Mrs. Thorndyke does not this compensate you for all the disappointments of life, to see your beautiful spirit child able to come to you with this glad surprise?

Lillie Roberts, the spirit daughter of of J. M. Roberts, that martyr to an unpopular cause, stepped out and addressme, said: "Let me express my joy for the pleasure of the acquaintance of your beautiful spirit daughter, and the happiness she feels for the surprise on your birth day, is also a joy to me."

She continued, "We would like you to take the names of those present, and write these facts for THE BETTER WAY." I promised her that I would do so, and have written in it from memory, that the record of this unexpected event will carry hope and comfort to the mothers who have seen the grave close over the forms of loved children, have mourned them as dead, and turned shuddering away to their desolate homes. And more, that this narration of events, replete with joy, and reunion, will inspire all who call themselves Spiritualists to guard with tender care and loving sympathy these sensitive instruments through which our dear ones are enabled to penetrate the veil between the two worlds.

Yours for all truth,
MRS. E P. THORNDYKE.

February, 7, 1888.

P. S.—The following are the names of those present: Mrs. M. H. McCandlish, John Brown, sr., Mr. and Mr. Crossland. Mr. and Mrs. Stuetsbury, Mr. B. Morier and son, Alfred Walter, James Stuetsbury, William Stuetsbury' W. W. Welsh, F. M. Wigdon and Mrs. E. P. Thorndyke.

Old Bay State.

To the Editor of The Better Way.

I send you a good photograph of that noble soul, J. M. Roberts. Please accept it with my kind regards and esteem for you, who like him, have nailed your flag to the topmast and not to be hauled down by anyone. How many of our noble souls have joined the blessed recently. Warren S. Barlow, an ornament to our cause, whose "Voices" still live and so will its author.

Since last I wrote a great increase of the truth is waving on its adherents. Mediums in private families being developed with satisfactory evidence of the truth of spirit power, independent of being developed by so-called "developing ones" who advertise to do so. That which is spirit is spirit, and a live, spiritual medium is alone developed by the spirits and never by any mortal medium

The Crescent Society of Spirits of this place hold meetings regularly with marked success, though private.

Attorney at-law Stearn's appeal in behalf of magnetists and liberals has proven itself a victory, not only of words or deeds, but of truths. Let all tender him their gratitude, and let his memory be photographed in the hearts of all true people.

Many good mediums are around here, among them Edgar W. Emerson, so favorably known; Arthur Hodges, one of the very best; W. C. Tallman, private; E L Tennet, test medium.

I hope to be at the Philadelphia Society, corner 8 th and Garden street, on the 31st of March, to see my old friends again. Yours, W. L JACK, M. D.
Haverhill, Mass, Feb. 9, 1889.

Mrs. Seery at Evansville.

To the Editor of The Better Way.

Mrs. Seery, of your city, is here again, and is daily and nightly holding seances to crowded seance rooms. The spirits of the departed come in great numbers and talk to their friends through the trumpet, to the astonished sitters, who have the pleasure of conversing with those whom they thought dead.

Dr. Sharp, the controlling spirit, has become a great favorite with the Spiritualists, and Mrs. Seery's patrons in Evansville. His kindly greetings and sometimes playful remarks are often greeted with applause by the sitters, many of whom are personally well known to him. He also knows how to administer a sharp reproof to any of the sitters who fail to observe good deportment during a seance. In proof of this I will mention a few instances which have occurred during the past week. A young professional man with his wife by his side, were sitting for the first time at a dark seance, and this gentleman took hold of the trumpet and touched his wife with it twice, who inquired each time for the name of the spirit approaching her; but, of course, there was no response. This made some confusion, but the controlling spirit, Dr. Sharp, approached the gentleman, and, tapping him upon the head with the trumpet, charged him with the trick he had attempted to palm off on his wife, to the utter astonishment and confusion of this man.

Again, at another seance, a gentleman laughed derisively at some incident, though no one of the sitters heard him, when the controlling spirit, Dr. Sharp, approached him and gave him a reproof, telling him and all the sitters that each and all should observe the same deportment at a seance as they would at any orthodox church.

On another occasion a gentleman (?) who sat between two ladies, (one of the ladies was a widow), was guilty of improper behavior, when instantly the spirit husband of one of the ladies came and openly exposed the bad manners of the offending party, who was so affected that he apologized to the ladies before leaving the house, after receiving a severe rebuke from the controlling spirit, Dr. Sharp. This man confessed that he had come to the seance to scoff and make fun of all the proceedings. It is needless to say that he left the seance room not only convinced that the spirits of the other world do communicate with their friends in earth life, but that they can see as well in the dark as we in the mortal can see in the light.

Fraud hunters, if any, who attend Mrs. Seery's seances would do well to make a note of this This gifted lady will continue to hold seances in Evansville until the last of this week. So great is the interest in her seances that many anxious inquirers are turned away during each of her seances for the want of room. INVESTIGATOR.
Evansville, Ind., Feb. 11. 1889.

Curiosity Leads to Science.

On the invitation of some persons, very eager to know something about the occult social sciences, I went to Tuchamps, a country town situated about four kilometres from my home, to hold a seance, showing the human polarity, by the instructor, Mr. Gaillett, a man of great intelligence and clearness. I made several successful experiments, but some of the people present were not convinced because what I hoped to produce with an egg did not entirely succeed. I had explained that an egg acts as a magnetised bar of iron with its two poles and its neutral lines. The little end of the egg is positive, and the big end negative. In applying the little end (positive) to the roots of the hair in the middle of the forehead, which is also positive, the sensitive subject will be put in a magnetic sleep.

I had also added, in turning the egg and touching the same spot with the big end, the subject will waken up. Some days after this, a lady in Tuchamps, who was anxious to convince herself about what had so forcibly struck her imagination at Mr. Gaillet, resolved to repeat the miracle on a young girl who was working for her and who, from curiosity, had consented to submit to the experiment. The lady applied the little end of the egg to the forehead of the young girl as I had indicated, and neither the lady nor the girl really believed that they should have any success, although they sincerely desired it; but the event surpassed their expectation. The little end of the egg had been applied about four minutes, when suddenly the girl, who happened to be very sensitive, closed her eyes and fell asleep. The lady was overjoyed, and believed she had produced a miracle. She cried loud the victory during the time the girl continued in a sweet, innocent sleep with the egg on her forehead. The lady knew how to put a sensative person to sleep, but, unfortunately, had not paid any attention to my lesson how to wake up a person in trance. Vainly she racked her brain and searched her memory where she found nothing to help her, and her victim slept on soundly. Despair took hold of her, and she became entirely lost from fear. She had done all that she could, but the girl was lying there like a corpse. Heaven, which protects the rash and imprudent, finally came with its help At the moment when she accused herself to have precipitated the poor girl to the other world, the teacher, Gaillet, happened to pass her window, and she anxiously called him in. Mr. Gaillet responded immediately, and as he had not forgotten my instructions, he applied the big end of the egg to the patient's forehead and in less than three minutes the girl was entirely awake, with some headache, which disappeared when she came out in the fresh air.

This little event put the village tongues in motion, and big words about sorcery and magic went over many lips, but now it is all silent again.

HORACE PELLETIER,
Conseiller d'arrondissement and officer d'academie.
Translated for THE BETTER WAY from La Revue Spirit of Paris, of 1st of December, 1888, by C. G. Helleberg, of Cincinnati, O.

Paine and Spiritualists.

MR. EDITOR:—Whether the strange doctrine called Spiritualism is true or untrue, is not my purpose now to inquire. I will only say that I do not understand it, and hence I am not a believer; but as it claims to be founded in Nature, rather than in theology, it may be true for all I know to the contrary. So long as I do not know what Nature can do, and what she cannot, it ill becomes me to limit her powers and capacities, and so in regard to the truth of Spiritualism, I neither affirm nor deny. I wait for more light or knowledge.

But I am friendly to Spiritualism, because I see that its followers are admirers of the celebrated Thomas Paine. They say this in their papers, and their mediums say it in the lectures, and their audiences applaud the sentiment. Now this, as I look at it, is a great gain for our side. It is Liberal; and this, Mr. Editor, is my hobby as well as yours. We cannot all think alike, but if we are only truly Liberal we are doing the best we can. The Spiritualists profess this peculiarity, and I think they are doing a good work in overthrowing theology. They have come out from the churches, and, as they will probably stay out, their philosophy is, an improvement on Christianity, and I hope it may increase and endure until it is finally superseded by Materialism, into which it is destined to merge. C. L. W.
Hingham, Jan. 27, 1889.

Spiritualism, in claiming to be a fact of Nature, takes the highest ground, and if proved true by this standard, the greatest of all teachers, it must or should be universally accepted. But although such a result may not be attained, yet the fact will remain that as Spiritualism is an improvement on Christianity and free from bigotry, it is helping to Liberalize the people, and is therefore a benefit to this world, as we understand it is favorable to the "Nine Demands of Liberalism."—Boston Investigator.

Thanks.

Let me thank the readers of THE BETTER WAY who have sent me contributions for my cottage, all of which are or will be reported in the Banner of Light. I have now received over half the amount asked for and for which the contract is let, and trust the rest will come by the time it is done, in May, contract $500. Received to date $286. I cannot go out to lecture much more; if I could, I should make no more than expenses, as in the past.
WARREN CHASE.
Cobden, Ill., Feb. 10, 1889.

One grand business in life is not to see what lies dimly at a distance, but to do what lies clearly at hand.

He who, meeting a pleasant temptation, stops to shake hands with it, will generally end by going with it wherever it chooses to lead him.

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[TITLE PAGE.]

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THE BETTER WAY.

A PROMISE TO THE DEAD.

BY JOHN WILLIAM FLETCHER.

(Re Written by Request.)

PART SECOND.

CHAPTER VIII.

IT IS THE HIGHER RELIGION.

How lovely it is at eventide. The Alps, that form a dark background for the city, the wide stretch of the Mediterranean, the beautiful villas, all make a scene not easily forgotten. Outwardly the spirit of peace seems to rest upon this sequestered spot, from which Madame Le Terre was hurrying, with all the speed that modern civilization has devised. She had excused herself from dining and was sitting by the window looking out upon the scene she was leaving and it seemed to her that all of life's blessings were being left behind. The memories of the past few days were crowding so fast upon her mind, that her brain seemed to almost whirl with the pressure. The terrible dream, and what had so strangely followed, was not easily dismissed; it simply would not leave her. If she shut her eyes, she could see the old man with his hungry eyes staring at her; she could hear his sharp grating whisper as he bade her keep her vow; she could feel his bony fingers as they clutched her about the throat, until in sheer despair, she felt like fleeing away from herself.

Then all that she had heard of the hidden way, the strange philosophy she had heard discussed, the strange phenomena she had seen demonstrated, and the mystical presence of Herr Paulus, with his marvelous power of conjuration, so perplexed and puzzled her, she could scarcely think. "For" she said to herself, "if there be anything in it, and surely there must be something more than a trick, the dead really live, we can hold converse with them, and perchance get released from a bond most galling and terrible. Surely, the Duchess could not be mistaken; she would have fathomed long ago the pretensions of the "Modern Adept" if they were but a trick, but instead he was an honored guest, a friend whose coming was hailed with delight, whose presence was welcome, and there was only one conclusion possible and that was that he was possessed of some marvelous spiritual power, not understood by the world at large."

The wheels kept turning round every moment they were riding on into the darkness, and the objects were growing fainter, while within, all was brilliant, and from the adjoining room, pleasant laughter could be heard, and Nannie Van Dusenburgh's voice heard above the noise of the train, as she dramatically told how she crossed the Rocky Mountain, only the year before.

She had excused herself from dining, thinking she wished to be alone, and then regretting she had not kept with them so as to drown the miserable memories, she longed to see the Duchess so as to ask her numberless questions that her experiences of the afternoon had suggested. It was long before her Grace entered and sat beside her, saying as she did so:

"I am impressed we have been thrown together for a purpose, dear Madame, and I have been thinking of what was said to you of a great burden you had to bear."

Madame Le Terre started visibly and then with a great effort she controlled herself.

"Pardon me," she contined, "I have no wish to know what that secret is. We all have had episodes in our lives," and she cast a glance down her own past, and saw how she had climbed all the way from the casino up to the palace, and blessed her stars that society forgot her past, because she had the power to make the present so bright and agreeable.

"Yes, your Grace—I have a secret of which I may not speak. Herr Paulus has awakened it from its slumber."

"He had nought to do with it," was the decided reply. "It was given you by the supreme powers for your guidance."

"May I ask you who Herr Paulus is?"

"You may ask, but I have not the power to answer. I met him at Cairo, nearly three years ago, where he was studying with an Egyptian, of great power; since then he has been many times my guest, he has a room always at his disposal. I never know when he is coming or when he is going, for he moves only as he is moved upon."

"Extraordinary! Is he what they call a medium?"

"Certainly not," answered her Grace in an annoyed tone. "He is an adept, which is quite a different thing; a medium is one controlled by every passing influence, or spirit, but an adept is one who is possessed of great personal power and can summon spirits at will and compel them to do his bidding. It is only the matter of personal influence extended into the realms of the spirit. A great general commands large armies by the movement of his hand."

"But is not this a terrible thing, fraught with infinite danger?"

"In the hands of the ignorant, yes, that is seen, in the absurd way in which this Modern Spiritualism is conducted, but when under the guidance of wisdom, which is bought at great sacrifice, only it becomes an inestimable blessing. Occultism, my dear Madame, is only another name for a higher religion."

The Duchess sat back and clasped her bracelet, looking at the others, who were amusing themselves in various ways as the train sped on its way.

Madame Le Terre could not but recall the speech she had heard in regard to the teachings of Jesus when the Duchess had declared she would sell her soul quicker than her diamonds and wondered how it was possible to harmonize that statement with the idea of the higher religion, but of course she said nothing on that point.

"Do any of your earthly friends ever come to you, Duchess, the Duke or any of your relatives who are dead."

"Oh dear no," was the petulant reply, accompanied with a look of intense weariness, akin to disgust. "I never seek them, nor wish to hear of them. They may be here at this moment for aught I know or care. The old Duke was the most uninteresting person on earth and I dare say he is busy improving himself in another world. One has to choose one's spiritual companions with even more care than one's earthly associates, not perhaps," she added "from precisely the same standard."

"But how can one have the company of those one loves, who may be dead."

"By desire and force of will. If you really seek the society of the "celestials," you must make yourself responsive to the celestial sphere, which is done only by conquering every earthly desire. A person can have the summer's warmth in mid-winter, not by thinking of the chill and frost, but by keeping the mind ever upon the warmth of the summer. It is this power that rendered the martyrs of old oblivious to pain, by the contemplation of the ideal state. Jesus of Nazareth wore meekly the crown of thorns, and Jeanne d'Arc smiled in ecstatic pleasure as the cruel flames rose about her; thus all pain is overcome, and the soul in its present expression unfolded."

"But why have we never heard of all this before, if it be true?"

"It is not new; these ideas were accepted and taught by the wise philosophers of the past, whose teachings gradually became perverted, when the common people took the reins into their own hands. The sensational fanatics, who in the name of religion arouse all the worst elements there are in the human mind are to-day responsible for the ignorance that prevails, not among the masses for they will always remain ignorant, but among our own class The priests are in league with each other, to hold the mind in bondage, and are most zealous to make salvation and future happiness dependent upon belief in their doctrines rather than the result of soul growth. They are all wiser than they teach, even when their pupils are most anxious to learn. You can see that, can you not?"

"I am not sure," answered Madame Le Le Terre, for she could scarcely think the whirling train, the noisy company and the confusion of ideas made her almost wild. Fascinated, she was convinced she was not yet she could talk of nothing else.

"You believe then," she said after a moments thought, "that souls progress after death, although I have not been so taught, and perhaps if that be true a wrong done in life might be repented of. Oh, I hope it is true."

Yes, progress after as well as before death, it is a universal law!" replied her Grace impressively. "You are nervous my good friend. All this is too much for you. See, there is your maid. You shall go to your little apartment, and I hope you will get some sleep," and she pressed Madame's hand warmly as Anna appeared.

Madame Le Terre rose and bowed good night to them all, and slowly sought her compartment. The novelty of the situation was fit accompaniment for her thoughts, and as she laid her head on her pillow she thought to herself, "would to heaven I was never to see another day."

She was awake for a long time, at least it seemed so, and thoughts that she had tried so hard to forget came trooping back like ghosts to her mind. She could hear her father's terrible command; she could see the thin hard face; she could feel the clutch of his fingers about her throat, as in her dream, and through it all ran the strange and peculiar influence that Herr Paulus seemed to exert. "But she thought if what they say be true, he may progress; he may not always be of the same mind; and, if what they say be true, he might come back and tell me. The return of the dead is the Higher Religion," and so she thought until she slept and dreamed that reality was a dream.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Written for The Better Way.

To Spiritualists.

Why is it that Spiritualists do not increase faster, is a question often asked. The reason is, because so many that have enlisted under the glorious banner, lack the courage to proclaim the grand truths to those that are in darkness. Through Spiritualism we become free, and through fealty to it we must look for its continuence; then let all Spiritualists speak as they think, and stand by their utterances, not dodge back at the approach of some old theological ghost. Spiritualism is pregnant with living principles, all inculcating the highest morality, and fidelity to its principles should be our pride.

To command respect from others we must be true to our cause. There is nothing in Spiritualism to be afraid of. Then why do any shrink to own the glorious truth, and bow to a dead theology. He who has the truth and hides it, betrays the trust reposed in him. Then, as Spiritualists, be true to our knowledge that we have gained through facts and evidence. Through the philosophy or teaching of those in spirit life, have our views of death and the after life been greatly changed to broader and more intelligent ones. Now, we Spiritualists cannot command respect until we earn it by having a united force can we hope to conquer the ignorant prejudices of the old theological teaching.

It is a deplorable fact that the ranks of Spiritualism contains too many cowards; now let us one and all assert our manhood and womanhood within us, and take a united stand for the expression of the new truths we have discovered; not hide like despicable cowards when our glorious banner is assailed, but manfully unfurl its grand truths. MRS. M. A. TOWER.

Millington, Feb. 4, 1889.

He who reforms himself has done more towards reforming the public than a crowd of noisy impotent patriots.

Sleep gives some intermission to the cares, and pains, and griefs that afflict us; it is the parenthesis of our sorrows.—Matthew Henry.

Shadowy Fraternity.

JOHN WETHERBEE.

I do not very often get perfect tests. I very often get what are generally considered tests, but are only approximations Of course what would be tests to many would not be to me, because the spirit circumstances of my life are pretty well known, by the often relation of them in my experiences; hence the possibility of their being known by the medium. Sometimes, however, I get them that are unmistakable. Like angel's visits, as they are, they are few and far between, and one such unmistakable test of a spirit presence, and especially if of some special spirit, which identifies him or her, it settles the whole matter, and makes a thousand generalities kick the beam, or rather casts a lustre of interest on many otherwise indefinite ones.

As is well known, I consider the phase of materialization very wonderful. It shows the power an invisible intelligence, or some invisibles, have over matter. The interest in these strange forms is in this fact rather than in tests of objective identity. I am absolutely sure of the fact of materialization, and under strictly test conditions of my own making and many times repeated; so notwithstanding there may be frauds and probably are some, for human nature is very weak and, as the Indian said, "white man very uncertain;" but I am as sure of the genuine fact as I am of anything I can call to mind. When you come to objective identity the disabilities are very great. They do not look like the persons they claim to be; at best are but approximations. The same "strange visitor" who puts in an appearance at another medium's seance is not a duplicate of the spirit as it appeared at the other seance, and does not seem to know that it ever appeared before; and yet in both, or even more cases at least in my experience, they will say something that more or less indentifies them; not with one another, but with the form they claim to be, but still are very far from looking like the person as I remember them. So while I like and am interested in these manifestations as being the work of departed spirits, I am far more interested in an unmistakable manifestation of a special spirit through a test or trance medium; not in the namby-pamby and indefinite and often meaningless talks which are called tests, but to talks with the spirit, when the test is unmistakable. In the item which follows this such a test is referred to; it is hardly worth relating as to its details, but its value is in its source; crabs and scorpions became sublime when hung in the zodiac, so we will consider this a sign in our zodiac.

My wife had a private sitting with Mrs. Jennie K. D. Conant, a medium of this city. She was not known by this medium, nor I either. I am certain of that, and if we were known it would have made no difference in this case. Our son, who is a spirit, came to Mrs. W. and identified himself perfectly, besides giving his name, and spoke of his brother William, (a younger son of ours in the form); and also referred to his brother who lived at a distance; she did not, however, say Texas or give his name. My wife's mother and sister and our daughter also came, but these interesting facts are not what induces me to write this item. My spirit son seemed inclined to give advice to his younger brother, who is somewhat unsettled as to his future; who does not know what is best to do in occupation or location; said he could influence him better if remaining here than if he went away; and among other suggestions, spoke about 17 State street. Thought a man there would be of service or advice, and would do so out of regard for him. The medium then under control said she could not give the name, but said he was a broad shouldered and rather stout man; light side whiskers, and bald on the top of his head; had a high forehead. My wife could not fix him from the description, and wanted to know his name. but she could not give it or get it. "That there were others in the office with him, which was 17 State street, and up two flights. The control said your brave (meaning me) will know. She said some other things to tell me that would have made no impression, but the light of No. 17 State street so completely identifies the spirit that the "other things" referred to become interesting by the association. When my wife returned and told me of the sitting and what was said about No. 17 State street, I saw Mr. C's.— office was about that number, as the odd numbers were on his side of the street, and was between Nos. 25 and 13; both numbers of places I know. My wife, who did not know where Mr. C's.— office was, said the description was perfect, (who, by the way, was once a partner with my son) I thought it doubtful of being No. 17, but I had no doubt of the description of the man, for it fitted him exactly. The next day, being on State street, I looked and saw that the number over the door was 17.

Now look at it. My wife did not know where Mr. C's.— office was, or if he had an office and never thought of him in the description. The medium did not know him, or know there had ever been a partnership connection, which was some years ago, and as I was not present, it would be simply straining a point to call it mind reading, a collusion; and it was the most natural thing in the world that my son would say in that connection what he did, and would know also that I would know where Mr. C's.— office was. All this is rather a trifling matter; its whole interest is in the information and circumstances, which could not have been guessed at or known by the medium, and only then by my son. I really feel that the communication was from my son. Who else could it have come from?

I see an "Interesting Entertainment" is to come off on next Sunday evening at the Globe Theatre in this city. A sort of sacred concert, the main feature of which will be a lecture elaborately illustrated by means of a large collection of disguises and devices captured from the seances of Mrs. Beste, Mrs. Ross, Mrs. Fay, Mrs. Bliss, Mrs. Cowan, Mrs. Fairchild, and other well know mediums, where daring spooks ventured to masquerade within the grasp of a few gentlemen (?) of inquiring mind. Well, probably this is the same show that did duty last year, led by one "Jack the ripper," or rather "Jack the grabber," spelling the latter with a capital G. One must not forget that in one of the earlier entertainments this "Jack" said, "now here is a garment I took off myself from the son of Mrs. Ross." When informed that Mrs. Ross' son was a cripple and that gave a lie to the statement, he felt obliged to qualify the assertion, which fact throws a doubt on the rest of the show. I have investigated the cases of Mrs. Ross, Mrs. Fairchild, and some others named, and find the mediums to be genuine, and the fraud on the side of the raiders. It is stated, in this elaborate notice, to take the curse off probably, "that no attack will be made on Spiritualism, which, as a form of religious belief, is recognized as worthy of respect."

Boston, January 31, 1889.

Life's Mystery.

Given through the Mediumship of "Walter Bot," by W. W. H.

Once one is one, twice one are two;
And two and one are three.
I can't tell why this is—can you
Expound the mystery?

These facts did they from chance arise—
Or could they have been otherwise?
Man is but what he had to be,
The offspring of necessity,
Obedient to circumstances,
And not to accidents or chances.
A universal power is there,
Which rules the ocean, earth, and air;
Extends as far as space extends,
And never dies and nowhere ends;
A fixed unchangeable control—
A deathless, all pervading soul.
Call this a God, or what you will,
'Tis what we have described it still.
Life's but a journey, a brief tour,
A dream which doth not long endure.
A day of sunshine and of rain
Which passes and 'tis night again;
To live, to smile, to live, to sigh,
To hope, to fear, or to defy;
To be successful or to fail
Alternately as shifts the gale,
As ebbs and flows the ocean tide
Continuously from side to side.

The past is naught—the yet to be,
To man is all uncertainty.
And why? His mental sight is dim,
An unseen guide is leading him—
He knows not where, he sees not how,
But to this force he needs must bow;
He is obedient every hour
To this unseen mysterious power.
Placed here on earth, man knows not why,
He lives full conscious he must die;
He dies and goes—ah! who knows where?
He's like an elf-light in the air,
An ocean bubble near the shore,
He's seen and then is seen no more.
What is he? Has he ceased to be?
Oh! Who'll expound this mystery?

Milwaukee, Wisconsin.

Written for The Better Way.

A Hard Saying.

HELEN STUART RICHINGS.

"This is an hard saying; who can hear it?"

All things about us proclaim the power of the Infinite. From the dainty windtossed blossom of the field to the giant "rock ribbed hills," nature lifts her myriad voices in acknowledgement of His wisdom and love. Man alone denys His wisdom —man alone doubts his love. Or, if he ever admits them, it is when the sweet things of life are being meted out to him. But let what he deems sorrow and misfortune come to him how quickly will be question the Divine justice.

The trouble is that man is not in harmony with nature's laws, and he wants them modified to suit him. This cannot be. The greater must contain the lesser—the greater power must rule. Man must bring himself into harmony with nature; only when he does so, will that same beautiful order reign in the human family, that we admire in the lower kingdoms? If he would fill his vessel at the fountain he must hold it open side up, and not invert it, and wonder that he gets no water. Turn the open, not the repellant side of your nature toward the Infinite, and surely shall you receive in measure proportionate to your capacity; so shall you bring yourself into harmony with the Divine; so shall you become able to say, "He doeth all things well."

The best antidote for the spirt of discontent with "circumstances," "conditions" or "environment," is work, work for others, the cultivation of an unselfish, helpful spirit. If you think your burdens are heavy to bear, can you delude yourself with the idea that you alone have burdens; or, that yours are heavier than those of any other? Alas! alas!! for the selfishness of man! It blinds his eyes and impedes his progress more than anything else. It is said that "money is the root of evil." Not so. You must strike deeper still, deeper down into the fibres of a man's nature for "the root of evil" in him. Stronger than his love of money, kindred or country is man's love of self.

O, how slow the world is to learn the grand lesson of unselfishness! Our intellect accepts as a beautiful idea the sentiment of universal brotherhood, but, until our hearts accept it, until we make the happiness of others our highest aim we will fail to realize the happiness our own souls are capable of enjoying.

Unselfishness is the spirit that rules in that state you call heaven, and, if you will but open your hearts to receive it, you will flood your lives with celestial beauty, illumine the ways that now seem so dark and give you a clearer understanding of all the "whys" and "wherefores" that so trouble you to-day, and bring you into that of being where you can say, "God knoweth best," because you feel that He does.

O, could'st thou scan with open eye
The living book thy life hath penned,
Then would'st thou know that gold or fame
Can never any lustre lend
That does not pale before the light
Of one deed nobly, purely done.
Then would'st thou know that tho' thy name
Were never heard by mortal ear,
That every effort to do right,
That every sympathetic tear,
In falling on the pages white,
Hath angel smiles and blessings won.
O, could'st thou see as angels see,
God's ways, now dark, would seem more bright,
The griefs, o'er which thy lips make moan,
Would seem to thee all just and right.

Marvelous Cure by Dr. A. B. Dobson.

Dr. A. B. Dobson—Dear Sir—One of the greatest cures has been performed by you in my family that medicine has ever done. My daughter Emma was sick for months with a complication of diseases and was attended by three physicians until she became so low she could not turn in bed or scarcely swallow, and all hopes gone for recovery. At this critical period we sent for your remedies and commenced giving them to her. In a few hours we could see a change for the better, and in three days she was up, and after taking the remedies a few months she is as well as any person in the country. No one would think that she had ever been so near the grave. The most remarkable thing about this case is this: After she could get around the house, she ate too many oysters which made her very sick. The next day I wrote to Dr. Dobson, stating the case; but before I put this letter into the office, I received one from him answering every question in the letter that I had not sent; he also sending more remedies, which soon completed her cure. This showed me he could answer questions by some power outside of himself. I wish I could let everybody know the great power Dr. Dobson has in curing suffering humanity; and I earnestly ask you to write to me in regard to this case, for I am willing to give testimony under oath to the above facts. H. B. HUNT.

Hanover, Illinois.

The above story was told, a short time ago, by Mr. Hunt to Calvin E. Northrop, a highly respected citizen of Maquoketa.—Maquoketa Record.

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We may have a first-class Lyceum, productive of inestimable benefit, if Spiritualists encourage it by attendance and appropriate effort. This should be done promptly and heartily.

Come to-morrow and bring the little ones. If you have no little ones, bring those of your neighbor.

A PROMISE TO THE DEAD.

BY JOHN WILLIAM FLETCHER.

(*Re Written by Request.*)

PART SECOND.

CHAPTER VIII.

IT IS THE HIGHER RELIGION.

How lovely it is at eventide. The Alps, that form a dark background for the city, the wide stretch of the Mediterranean, the beautiful villas, all make a scene not easily forgotten. Outwardly the spirit of peace seems to rest upon this sequestered spot, from which Madame Le Terre was hurrying, with all the speed that modern civilization has devised. She had excused herself from dining and was sitting by the window looking out upon the scene she was leaving and it seemed to her that all of life's blessings were being left behind. The memories of the past few days were crowding so fast upon her mind, that her brain seemed to almost whirl with the pressure. The terrible dream, and what had so strangely followed, was not easily dismissed; it simply would not leave her. If she shut her eyes, she could see the old man with his hungry eyes staring at her; she could hear his sharp grating whisper as he bade her keep her vow; she could feel his bony fingers as they clutched her about the throat, until in sheer despair, she felt like fleeing away from herself.

Then all that she had heard of the hidden way, the strange philosophy she had heard discussed, the strange phenomena she had seen demonstrated, and the mystical presence of Herr Paulus, with his marvelous power of conjuration, so perplexed and puzzled her, she could scarcely think. "For" she said to herself, "if there be anything in it, and surely there must be something more than a trick, the dead really live, we can hold converse with them, and perchance get released from a bond most galling and terrible. Surely, the Duchess could not be mistaken; she would have fathomed long ago the pretensions of the "Modern Adept" if they were but a trick, but instead he was an honored guest, a friend whose coming was hailed with delight, whose presence was welcome, and there was only one conclusion possible and that was that he was possessed of some marvelous spiritual power, not understood by the world at large."

The wheels kept turning round every moment they were riding on into the darkness, and the objects were growing fainter, while within, all was brilliant, and from the adjoining room, pleasant laughter could be heard, and Nannie Van Dusenburgh's voice heard above the noise of the train, as she dramatically told how she crossed the Rocky Mountain, only the year before.

She had excused herself from dining, thinking she wished to be alone, and then regretting she had not kept with them so as to drown the miserable memories, she longed to see the Duchess so as to ask her numberless questions that her experiences of the afternoon had suggested. It was long before her Grace entered and sat beside her, saying as she did so:

"I am impressed we have been thrown together for a purpose, dear Madame, and I have been thinking of what was said to you of a great burden you had to bear."

Madame Le Terre started visibly and then with a great effort she controlled herself.

"Pardon me," she contined, "I have no wish to know what that secret is. We all have had episodes in our lives," and she cast a glance down her own past, and saw how she had climbed all the way from the casino up to the palace, and blessed her stars that society forgot her past, because she had the power to make the present so bright and agreeable.

"Yes, your Grace—I have a secret of which I may not speak. Herr Paulus has awakened it from its slumber."

"He had nought to do with it," was the decided reply. "It was given you by the supreme powers for your guidance."

"May I ask you who Herr Paulus is?"

"You may ask, but I have not the power to answer. I met him at Cairo, nearly three years ago, where he was studying with an Egyptian, of great power; since then he has been many times my guest, he has a room always at his disposal. I never know when he is coming or when he is going, for he moves only as he is moved upon."

"Extraordinary! Is he what they call a medium?"

"Certainly not," answered her Grace in an annoyed tone. "He is an adept, which is quite a different thing; a medium is one controlled by every passing influence, or spirit, but an adept is one who is possessed of great personal power and can summon spirits at will and compel them to do his bidding. It is only the matter of personal influence extended into the realms of the spirit. A great general commands large armies by the movement of his hand."

"But is not this a terrible thing, fraught with infinite danger?"

"In the hands of the ignorant, yes, that is seen, in the absurd way in which this Modern Spiritualism is conducted, but when under the guidance of wisdom, which is bought at great sacrifice, only it becomes an inestimable blessing. Occultism, my dear Madame, is only another name for a higher religion."

The Duchess sat back and clasped her bracelet, looking at the others, who were amusing themselves in various ways as the train sped on its way.

Madame Le Terre could not but recall the speech she had heard in regard to the teachings of Jesus when the Duchess had declared she would sell her soul quicker than her diamonds and wondered how it was possible to harmonize that statement with the idea of the higher religion, but of course she said nothing on that point.

"Do any of your earthly friends ever come to you, Duchess, the Duke or any of your relatives who are dead."

"Oh dear no," was the petulant reply, accompanied with a look of intense weariness, akin to disgust. "I never seek them, nor wish to hear of them. They may be here at this moment for aught I know or care. The old Duke was the most uninteresting person on earth and I dare say he is busy improving himself in another world. One has to choose one's spiritual companions with even more care than one's earthly associates, not perhaps," she added "from precisely the same standard."

"But how can one have the company of those one loves, who may be dead."

"By desire and force of will. If you really seek the society of the "celestials," you must make yourself responsive to the celestial sphere, which is done only by conquering every earthly desire. A person can have the summer's warmth in mid-winter, not by thinking of the chill and frost, but by keeping the mind ever upon the warmth of the summer. It is this power that rendered the martyrs of old oblivious to pain, by the contemplation of the ideal state. Jesus of Nazareth wore meekly the crown of thorns, and Jeanne d'Arc smiled in ecstatic pleasure as the cruel flames rose about her; thus all pain is overcome, and the soul in its present expression unfolded."

"But why have we never heard of all this before, if it be true?"

"It is not new; these ideas were accepted and taught by the wise philosophers of the past, whose teachings gradually became perverted, when the common people took the reins into their own hands. The sensational fanatics, who in the name of religion arouse all the worst elements there are in the human mind are to-day responsible for the ignorance that prevails, not among the masses for they will always remain ignorant, but among our own class The priests are in league with each other, to hold the mind in bondage, and are most zealous to make salvation and future happiness dependent upon belief in their doctrines rather than the result of soul growth. They are all wiser than they teach, even when their pupils are most anxious to learn. You can see that, can you not?"

"I am not sure," answered Madame Le Le Terre, for she could scarcely think the whirling train, the noisy company and the confusion of ideas made her almost wild. Fascinated, she was convinced she was not yet she could talk of nothing else.

"You believe then," she said after a moments thought, "that souls progress after death, although I have not been so taught, and perhaps if that be true a wrong done in life might be repented of. Oh, I hope it is true."

Yes, progress after as well as before death, it is a universal law!" replied her Grace impressively. "You are nervous my good friend. All this is too much for you. See, there is your maid. You shall go to your little apartment, and I hope you will get some sleep," and she pressed Madame's hand warmly as Anna appeared.

Madame Le Terre rose and bowed good night to them all, and slowly sought her compartment. The novelty of the situation was fit accompaniment for her thoughts, and as she laid her head on her pillow she thought to herself, "would to heaven I was never to see another day."

She was awake for a long time, at least it seemed so, and thoughts that she had tried so hard to forget came trooping back like ghosts to her mind. She could hear her father's terrible command; she could see the thin hard face; she could feel the clutch of his fingers about her throat, as in her dream, and through it all ran the strange and peculiar influence that Herr Paulus seemed to exert. "But she thought if what they say be true, he may progress; he may not always be of the same mind; and, if what they say be true, he might come back and tell me. The return of the dead is the Higher Religion," and so she thought until she slept and dreamed that reality was a dream.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Written for The Better Way.

To Spiritualists.

Why is it that Spiritualists do not increase faster, is a question often asked. The reason is, because so many that have enlisted under the glorious banner, lack the courage to proclaim the grand truths to those that are in darkness. Through Spiritualism we become free, and through fealty to it we must look for its continuence; then let all Spiritualists speak as they think, and stand by their utterances, not dodge back at the approach of some old theological ghost. Spiritualism is pregnant with living principles, all inculcating the highest morality, and fidelity to its principles should be our pride.

To command respect from others we must be true to our cause. There is nothing in Spiritualism to be afraid of. Then why do any shrink to own the glorious truth, and bow to a dead theology. He who has the truth and hides it, betrays the trust reposed in him. Then, as Spiritualists, be true to our knowledge that we have gained through facts and evidence. Through the philosophy or teaching of those in spirit life, have our views of death and the after life been greatly changed to broader and more intelligent ones. Now, we Spiritualists cannot command respect until we earn it by having a united force can we hope to conquer the ignorant prejudices of the old theological teaching.

It is a deplorable fact that the ranks of Spiritualism contains too many cowards; now let us one and all assert our manhood and womanhood within us, and take a united stand for the expression of the new truths we have discovered; not hide like despicable cowards when our glorious banner is assailed, but manfully unfurl its grand truths. MRS. M. A. TOWER.

Millington, Feb. 4, 1889.

He who reforms himself has done more towards reforming the public than a crowd of noisy impotent patriots.

Sleep gives some intermission to the cares, and pains, and griefs that afflict us; it is the parenthesis of our sorrows.—Matthew Henry.

Shadowy Fraternity.

JOHN WETHERBEE.

I do not very often get perfect tests. I very often get what are generally considered tests, but are only approximations Of course what would be tests to many would not be to me, because the spirit circumstances of my life are pretty well known, by the often relation of them in my experiences; hence the possibility of their being known by the medium. Sometimes, however, I get them that are unmistakable. Like angel's visits, as they are, they are few and far between, and one such unmistakable test of a spirit presence, and especially if of some special spirit, which identifies him or her, it settles the whole matter, and makes a thousand generalities kick the beam, or rather casts a lustre of interest on many otherwise indefinite ones.

As is well known, I consider the phase of materialization very wonderful. It shows the power an invisible intelligence, or some invisibles, have over matter. The interest in these strange forms is in this fact rather than in tests of objective identity. I am absolutely sure of the fact of materialization, and under strictly test conditions of my own making and many times repeated; so notwithstanding there may be frauds and probably are some, for human nature is very weak and, as the Indian said, "white man very uncertain;" but I am as sure of the genuine fact as I am of anything I can call to mind. When you come to objective identity the disabilities are very great. They do not look like the persons they claim to be; at best are but approximations. The same "strange visitor" who puts in an appearance at another medium's seance is not a duplicate of the spirit as it appeared at the other seance, and does not seem to know that it ever appeared before; and yet in both, or even more cases at least in my experience, they will say something that more or less indentifies them; not with one another, but with the form they claim to be, but still are very far from looking like the person as I remember them. So while I like and am interested in these manifestations as being the work of departed spirits, I am far more interested in an unmistakable manifestation of a special spirit through a test or trance medium; not in the namby-pamby and indefinite and often meaningless talks which are called tests, but to talks with the spirit, when the test is unmistakable. In the item which follows this such a test is referred to; it is hardly worth relating as to its details, but its value is in its source; crabs and scorpions became sublime when hung in the zodiac, so we will consider this a sign in our zodiac.

My wife had a private sitting with Mrs. Jennie K. D. Conant, a medium of this city. She was not known by this medium, nor I either. I am certain of that, and if we were known it would have made no difference in this case. Our son, who is a spirit, came to Mrs. W. and identified himself perfectly, besides giving his name, and spoke of his brother William, (a younger son of ours in the form); and also referred to his brother who lived at a distance; she did not, however, say Texas or give his name. My wife's mother and sister and our daughter also came, but these interesting facts are not what induces me to write this item. My spirit son seemed inclined to give advice to his younger brother, who is somewhat unsettled as to his future; who does not know what is best to do in occupation or location; said he could influence him better if remaining here than if he went away; and among other suggestions, spoke about 17 State street. Thought a man there would be of service or advice, and would do so out of regard for him. The medium then under control said she could not give the name, but said he was a broad shouldered and rather stout man; light side whiskers, and bald on the top of his head; had a high forehead. My wife could not fix him from the description, and wanted to know his name, but she could not give it or get it. "That there were others in the office with him, which was 17 State street, and up two flights. The control said your brave (meaning me) will know. She said some other things to tell me that would have made no impression, but the light of No. 17 State street so completely identifies the spirit that the "other things" referred to become interesting by the association. When my wife returned and told me of the sitting and what was said about No. 17 State street, I saw Mr. C's.— office was about that number, as the odd numbers were on his side of the street, and was between Nos. 25 and 13; both numbers of places I know. My wife, who did not know where Mr. C's.— office was, said the description was perfect, (who, by the way, was once a partner with my son) I thought it doubtful of being No. 17, but I had no doubt of the description of the man, for it fitted him exactly. The next day, being on State street, I looked and saw that the number over the door was 17.

Now look at it. My wife did not know where Mr. C's.— office was, or if he had an office and never thought of him in the description. The medium did not know him, or know there had ever been a partnership connection, which was some years ago, and as I was not present, it would be simply straining a point to call it mind reading, a collusion; and it was the most natural thing in the world that my son would say in that connection what he did, and would know also that I would know where Mr. C's.— office was. All this is rather a trifling matter; its whole interest is in the information and circumstances, which could not have been guessed at or known by the medium, and only then by my son. I really feel that the communication was from my son. Who else could it have come from?

I see an "Interesting Entertainment" is to come off on next Sunday evening at the Globe Theatre in this city. A sort of sacred concert, the main feature of which will be a lecture elaborately illustrated by means of a large collection of disguises and devices captured from the seances of Mrs. Beste, Mrs. Ross, Mrs. Fay, Mrs. Bliss, Mrs. Cowan, Mrs. Fairchild, and other well know mediums, where daring spooks ventured to masquerade within the grasp of a few gentlemen (?) of inquiring mind. Well, probably this is the same show that did duty last year, led by one "Jack the ripper," or rather "Jack the grabber," spelling the latter with a capital G. One must not forget that in one of the earlier entertainments this "Jack" said, "now here is a garment I took off myself from the son of Mrs. Ross." When informed that Mrs. Ross' son was a cripple and that gave a lie to the statement, he felt obliged to qualify the assertion, which fact throws a doubt on the rest of the show. I have investigated the cases of Mrs. Ross, Mrs. Fairchild, and some others named, and find the mediums to be genuine, and the fraud on the side of the raiders. It is stated, in this elaborate notice, to take the curse off probably, "that no attack will be made on Spiritualism, which, as a form of religious belief, is recognized as worthy of respect."

Boston, January 31, 1889.

Life's Mystery.

Given through the Mediumship of "Walter Bot," by W. W. H.

Once one is one, twice one are two;
And two and one are three.
I can't tell why this is—can you
Expound the mystery?

These facts did they from chance arise—
Or could they have been otherwise?
Man is but what he had to be,
The offspring of necessity,
Obedient to circumstances,
And not to accidents or chances.
A universal power is there,
Which rules the ocean, earth, and air;
Extends as far as space extends,
And never dies and nowhere ends;
A fixed unchangeable control—
A deathless, all pervading soul.
Call this a God, or what you will,
'Tis what we have described it still.
Life's but a journey, a brief tour,
A dream which doth not long endure,
A day of sunshine and of rain
Which passes and 'tis night again;
To live, to smile, to live, to sigh,
To hope, to fear, or to defy;
To be successful or to fail
Alternately as shifts the gale,
As ebbs and flows the ocean tide
Continuously from side to side.

The past is naught—the yet to be,
To man is all uncertainty.
And why? His mental sight is dim,
An unseen guide is leading him—
He knows not where, he sees not how,
But to this force he needs must bow;
He is obedient every hour
To this unseen mysterious power.
Placed here on earth, man knows not why,
He lives full conscious he must die;
He dies and goes—ah! who knows where?
He's like an elf-light in the air,
An ocean bubble near the shore,
He's seen and then is seen no more.
What is he? Has he ceased to be?
Oh! Who'll expound this mystery?

Milwaukee, Wisconsin.

Written for The Better Way.

A Hard Saying.

HELEN STUART RICHINGS.

"This is an hard saying; who can hear it?"

All things about us proclaim the power of the Infinite. From the dainty wind-tossed blossom of the field to the giant "rock ribbed hills," nature lifts her myriad voices in acknowledgement of His wisdom and love. Man alone denys His wisdom —man alone doubts his love. Or, if he ever admits them, it is when the sweet things of life are being meted out to him. But let what he deems sorrow and misfortune come to him how quickly will be question the Divine justice.

The trouble is that man is not in harmony with nature's laws, and he wants them modified to suit him. This cannot be. The greater must contain the lesser—the greater power must rule. Man must bring himself into harmony with nature; only when he does so, will that same beautiful order reign in the human family, that we admire in the lower kingdoms? If he would fill his vessel at the fountain he must hold it open side up, and not invert it, and wonder that he gets no water. Turn the open, not the repellant side of your nature toward the Infinite, and surely shall you receive in measure proportionate to your capacity; so shall you bring yourself into harmony with the Divine; so shall you become able to say, "He doeth all things well."

The best antidote for the spirt of discontent with "circumstances," "conditions" or "environment," is work, work for others, the cultivation of an unselfish, helpful spirit. If you think your burdens are heavy to bear, can you delude yourself with the idea that you alone have burdens; or, that yours are heavier than those of any other? Alas! alas!! for the selfishness of man! It blinds his eyes and impedes his progress more than anything else. It is said that "money is the root of evil." Not so. You must strike deeper still, deeper down into the fibres of a man's nature for "the root of evil" in him. Stronger than his love of money, kindred or country is man's love of self.

O, how slow the world is to learn the grand lesson of unselfishness! Our intellect accepts as a beautiful idea the sentiment of universal brotherhood, but, until our hearts accept it, until we make the happiness of others our highest aim we will fail to realize the happiness our own souls are capable of enjoying.

Unselfishness is the spirit that rules in that state you call heaven, and, if you will but open your hearts to receive it, you will flood your lives with celestial beauty, illumine the ways that now seem so dark and give you a clearer understanding of all the "whys" and "wherefores" that so trouble you to-day, and bring you into that of being where you can say, "God knoweth best," because you feel that He does.

O, could'st thou scan with open eye
The living book thy life hath penned,
Then would'st thou know that gold or fame
Can never any lustre lend
That does not pale before the light
Of one deed nobly, purely done,
Then would'st thou know that tho' thy name
Were never heard by mortal ear,
That every effort to do right,
That every sympathetic tear,
In falling on the pages white,
Hath angel smiles and blessings won.
O, could'st thou see as angels see,
God's ways, now dark, would seem more bright,
The griefs, o'er which thy lips make moan,
Would seem to thee all just and right.

Marvelous Cure by Dr. A. B. Dobson.

Dr. A. B. Dobson—Dear Sir—One of the greatest cures has been performed by you in my family that medicine has ever done. My daughter Emma was sick for months with a complication of diseases and was attended by three physicians until she became so low she could not turn in bed or scarcely swallow, and all hopes gone for recovery. At this critical period we sent for your remedies and commenced giving them to her. In a few hours we could see a change for the better, and in three days she was up, and after taking the remedies a few months she is as well as any person in the country. No one would think that she had ever been so near the grave. The most remarkable thing about this case is this: After she could get around the house, she ate too many oysters which made her very sick. The next day I wrote to Dr. Dobson, stating the case; but before I put this letter into the office, I received one from him answering every question in the letter that I had not sent; he also sending more remedies, which soon completed her cure. This showed me he could answer questions by some power outside of himself. I wish I could let everybody know the great power Dr. Dobson has in curing suffering humanity; and I earnestly ask you to write to me in regard to this case, for I am willing to give testimony under oath to the above facts. H. B. HUNT.

Hanover, Illinois.

The above story was told, a short time ago, by Mr. Hunt to Calvin E. Northrop, a highly respected citizen of Maquoketa.—Maquoketa Record.

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We may have a first-class Lyceum, productive of inestimable benefit, if Spiritualists encourage it by attendance and appropriate effort. This should be done promptly and heartily.

Come to-morrow and bring the little ones. If you have no little ones, bring those of your neighbor.